

The TATLER

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London, May 28, 1930

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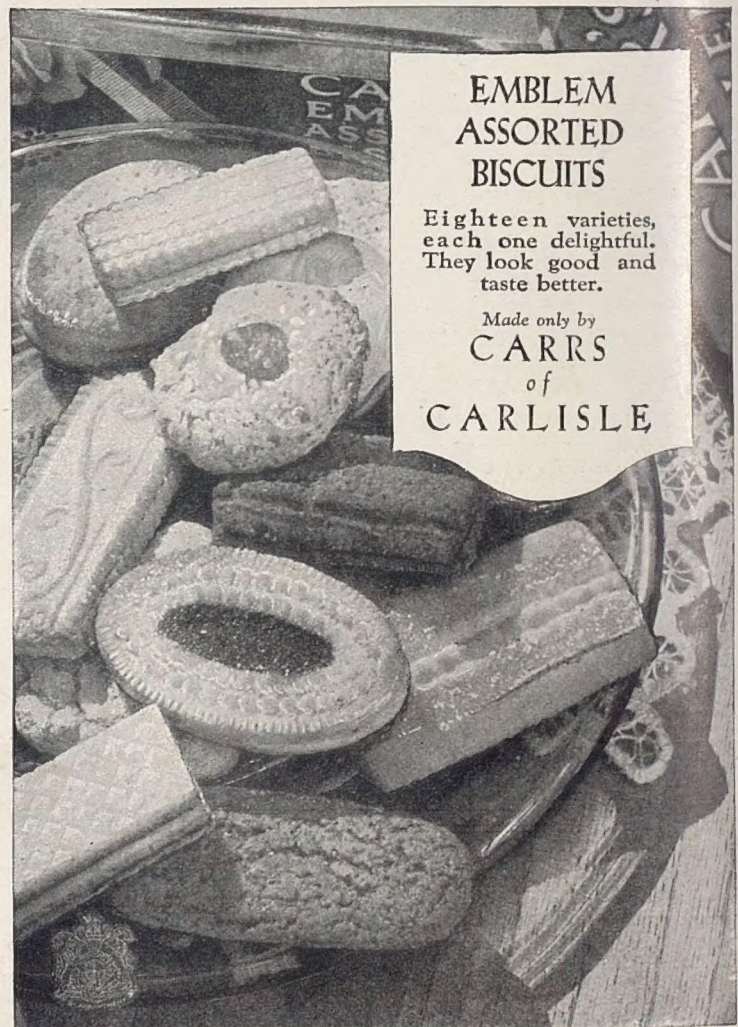
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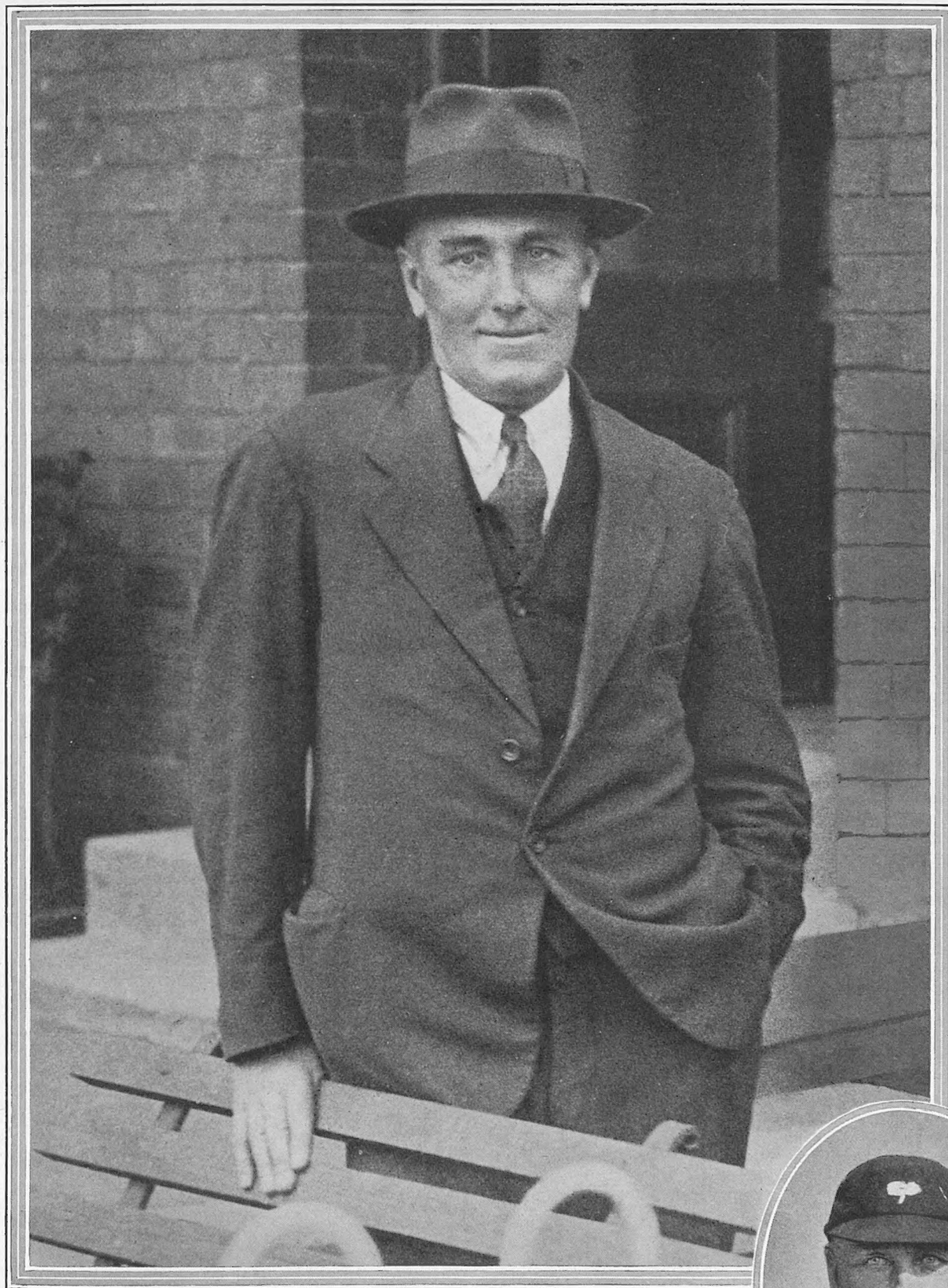
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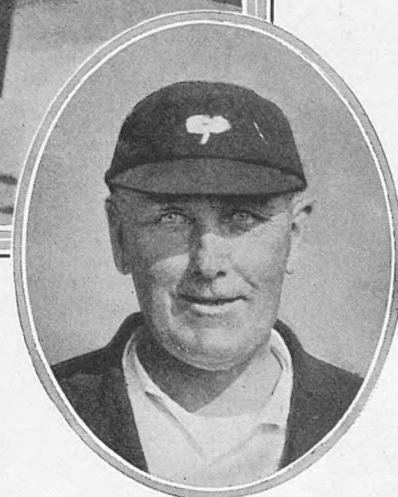
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Victor Hey

A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL HIS GREATNESS WILFRED RHODES—THE GLORY OF YORKSHIRE—TO RETIRE

No more fitting epitaph to the career of one of England's greatest cricketers could, perhaps, be found than one which has been used ere now in another connection: "Et militavit non sine gloria," for surely no one deserves it better. Wilfred Rhodes is the greatest record-breaker cricket has ever known—4,068 wickets; highest total runs in a season, 2,261 in 1911. With Jack Hobbs in Melbourne in 1911-12 he made the record Test match first wicket stand, 323, and he and his then partner are co-opted members of the Selection Committee who will choose England's teams for this year's Tests



THE LETTERS OF EVE



MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN AND MISS BALDWIN

On the opening day of the Chelsea Flower Show last week. As a rule people look to have a spot of hot sun at this entertainment, but this year there was no risk of heat apoplexy

exhibits the one designed by Captain Symons Jeune stood out on account of its originality and the difference of the rock he used. What it was I don't know, but the red-brown ironstone look of it made an admirable back-ground for the gentians and aubretias of which he is so fond. Also, in the place of the stereotyped waterfall, his steep chute of green turf between the rocks made a peaceful descent to the sea-green pool.

The King and Queen must have many not so interesting things to do which they achieve with apparent enjoyment, but their appreciation of the Chelsea Flower Show does not demand any simulation was again evident when they made their inspection last Tuesday afternoon. The Duke of Connaught, looking extremely well, accompanied them. It struck me that the Duke of Gloucester did not pretend to know much about flowers other than a casual buttonhole; but Lady Patricia Ramsay, in a black coat with a summer ermine collar, made an exhaustive survey after Their Majesties had finished their rounds. Lord and Lady Londonderry made notes of things which



LORD MELCHETT AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY ERLEIGH

Also at the Chelsea Flower Show last week. Lady Erleigh is Lord and Lady Melchett's eldest daughter, and married Lord Reading's son and heir in 1914

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
WELL, my Dear,—Gardening is evidently *the* all-British interest and the greatest democratic bond. This resounding sentence is inspired by the positively welded mass of motor-cars converging on the Royal Hospital Gardens last week. Pedestrians had the same look of inspired anticipation as the occupants of the most luxurious 6-cylinders, an anxiety to get to the Flower Show quickly being peculiar to this exhibition, whose glory is as great as it is transitory. Forgive me if I sound pedantic, but the common and more simple words would describe so inadequately the heavenly whole. Delphiniums, for instance, which I had previously considered a spiky mass of small constituent blossoms, have this year developed into a size which is almost suffocating. But no individual flower can be mentioned without the thought that lots of others should be included in the same superlative category.

The rock gardens are always a source of delight, for even the most untechnical gardener can appreciate the natural appearance of these works of art. They look as if they had been there for years and couldn't help it, the plants entering into the spirit of the thing and adopting the most agreeable attitudes. Of these



MISS PATRICIA LAMBERT

One of this Season's pretty débutantes, for whom her mother, Mrs. Hulbert, gave a dance on the 19th. Miss Lambert is a daughter of the late Captain St. John Lambert. Mrs. Hulbert is a sister of Sir Frank Meyer, Bart., M.P., and married Mr. Harry Hulbert in 1927

took their fancy, and the Duke of Richmond propelled his chair from stand to stand, while Lady Grey was also on wheels on the private view day.

Horticultural achievements in more permanent settings have been receiving much-merited appreciation in Ireland lately, where I am told garden-touring for the benefit of the Jubilee Fund for Nurses is one of the minor sports of the moment. Glenmaroon, Mr. Ernest Guinness' place near Dublin, and Farmleigh, Lord Iveagh's famous seat, have both been at home to visitors; and there were also joint expeditions to Belgarde Castle, where Captain and Mrs. Anthony Maude live, and to the quite perfect Japanese gardens at Tully. In Dublin itself there does not seem to be very much doing, though the opening of the Irish Academy in Kildare Street was a function of some import. I hear that Mr. Cosgrave, who was received by Mr. Orpen Caulfield and the members, did a very conscientious tour of the pictures, and he appeared greatly impressed by Leo Whelan's portrait of Count McCormack in his robes of Doctor of Music. Lady Louth, who as you know is a great patron of Ireland's arts, was taking an early view, and so were Chief Justice and Mrs. Hugh Kennedy, Lady Holmpatrick, Lady Hanson, and Lady Talbot de Malahide.

The Exhibition of the Irish Water Colour Society in Mills Hall seems to have been a great success, and on the opening day everyone hurried to have a look at Lady Butler's fine picture, "Adrift," the only one from her brush this year. There were some entrancing impressions of Old Dublin by the late Rose Barton, and Miss de Burgh's sketch of a child came in for particular admiration from Elizabeth, Lady Fingall. The latter is now settled in a flat in Dublin, so, with young Lord Fingall away soldiering, Killeen is empty. Captain George Barker, who was so much at the Curragh in the old days, is back in Ireland, and has taken Tully House, where he is learning all about the finer points of race-horse breeding under Sir Harry Greer, the manager of the National Stud. Mr. John O'Brien, who for some years has been concerned with this fascinating and tricky pursuit, is very busy just now with the new stud farm at Orchardleigh, which he is to manage for his sporting father-in-law, Captain "Bob" Brassey. Before his marriage to Miss Violet Brassey, Mr. O'Brien used to control Major McCalmont's stud at Mount Juliet.

The first night of the *Othello* revival was a very interesting evening, but as the experts have already liberally said their say about the production I feel absolved from any attempt at dramatic criticism. Paul Robeson's voice was irresistible. I tried to make a phrase about its being so near a song that it set the rhythmic beauty of his words to music, but my neighbour interrupted with "Great stuff this bass" as an alternative appreciation. Mrs. Paul Robeson, whose book about her husband has just been published over here, had Mr. Hugh Walpole as a neighbour, while right in the front row was Mr. Godfrey Tearle, much thinner and looking remarkably young. He had that afternoon earned a large share of applause as Horatio in the Command performance of *Hamlet*. With Lady Diana Cooper's family party were Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour, just back from their honeymoon and very sunburnt. Their interest in the performance centred mainly on the Desdemona of picturesque Peggy Ashcroft who was married quite lately to Mrs. Balfour's brother, Mr. Hart Davis. Lady Ravensdale, balancing gigantic topaz ear-rings, had lots to say to various friends, and it is safe to assume that one of the topics of conversation was last week's political sensation, the



Arthur Owen

AT LYMINGTON

Miss Madge Trinder and Mrs. Cyril Potter at the opening meeting of the Lymington Yacht Club which Mr. Cyril Potter founded. Miss Trinder, who is more often on the Solent than not from the moment the sailing season gets going, was third in her class

resignation from Ministerial office of her brother-in-law, Sir Oswald Mosley.



Yevonde

MISS ISOLDE GROSVENOR

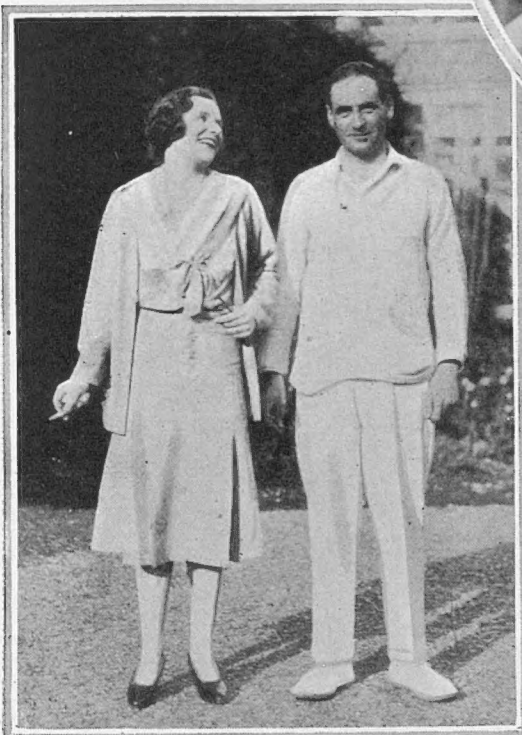
Whose marriage to Mr. William West, Grenadier Guards, takes place next Monday at the Guards Chapel. Miss Grosvenor is the elder daughter of the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor. Her future husband, the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. West of Alston Park, is one of Warwickshire's most agreeable young men and exceedingly good across country

Phipps-Hornby all appeared. Owing to illness there was a lamentable absence of some of Colonel and Mrs. Colman's men friends, Lord Conyers, General Paynter, and Captain Allfrey all being on the casualty list.

The perhaps absurd association in my mind of Jacob Epstein with Bernard Shaw as the world's champion leg-pullers induced an under-current of mental frivolity when I arrived at the Knoedler Galleries last week. But the magnificence and generous treatment of Epstein's "Madonna and Child," sitting there so solemnly, quickly moved me to seriousness. This bronze is more than life-size, and the Madonna, looking as if she were the mother of all humanity, wears that brooding expression which—so I am told—all mothers ought to have. It is undoubtedly a tremendously impressive bit of work, gripping one by sheer strength. Sunita, Epstein's favourite model, was the original, and the child she holds so closely is her son Enver. I was assured by a small girl, a playmate of Enver's who was private viewing on her own account, that it was "just like him." The drawings on the walls are largely studies of Enver and his mother, or of Sunita and her sister. Studies in expression and, taking a line from the catalogue, depression too. As we walked soundlessly round the gallery on a thick pile carpet one had the feeling of being in church. Everyone talked in whispers. "Isn't it wonderful?" "Quite marvellous." "How ghastly."

(Continued on p. 388)

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EQUIPPED FOR THE (TENNIS) TURF

Lady Carnarvon and Mr. Sydney Beer, who were recently staying at Eaton Hall. Mr. Beer's Princess Charming colt, which did not run as a two-year-old, is entered for the Derby. Now that Lord Carnarvon rides as well as owns race-horses (he had his first success the other day), his wife's well-known interest in turf matters will have additional point

The Letters of Eve

—continued

The Jubilee Meeting at Kempton passed off without any special excitement except for Mr. Washington Singer who won the big race. All the people who could be expected to be there did not disappoint either in attendance or appearance. I can safely leave you to guess at most of them. Lady Carnarvon and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, of course, also Prince Ali Khan, who has now taken a really active interest in racing by riding himself. Other men were Lord Fairhaven and Mr. Wilfred Egerton. Both these last two have been immortalized by Olive Snell whose latest and very charming exhibition at the Claridge Gallery largely consists of Hollywood stars, impressions of whom the artist brought back from a three-weeks' stay in that firmament. Greta Garbo seems to be doing her second "talkie," so good is the likeness although Miss Snell's interview was literally touch-and-go. Only about an hour before departing did she see this elusive victim. The home collection includes Prince George, Lady Louis Mountbatten, in profile, with curled-up ends to her hair, and an entrancing young creature who is Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton's daughter by her first marriage. There is also a portrait of the artist's husband, Colonel Eben Pike.

I gather that Mr. Stanley Baldwin is filling some of the extra leisure which results from being leader of the Opposition instead of Prime Minister by keeping himself physically fit. On several mornings a week he is to be found at the Sportsmen's Club, which is only a few doors away from his new home in Upper Brook Street, hard at work



SCOTLAND CALLING

Captain Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming and his wife. Sir Alexander, who used to be in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, has just succeeded his father, the late Sir William Gordon-Cumming of Altyre, as 5th baronet. Lady Gordon-Cumming was Miss Elizabeth Richardson before her marriage

in the gymnasium and the swimming pool. He goes accompanied by his faithful henchman, Mr. Davidson, and after about ten furlongs on the electric horse, and another half-mile on the electric camel, they plunge into the pool and swim vigorously. On the brighter mornings Mr. Baldwin takes very early outdoor exercise, and can be seen, hatless but dogged by a faithful hound, striding across the Park.

Lady Clarendon, who is one of the shyest and most retiring of all hostesses, chose a distinctly original way of raising money last week for the unmarried mothers and their babies. Instead of the usual theatre matinée or hotel ball, she got Mrs. Spencer Watson and her daughter, who have founded a small theatre in Kensington, and down at Maltravers in Dorsetshire, to provide the programme in her own home. It consisted of a play in rhyming verse called "Three Ways," also "The Lost Key," another mimed play of ancient Egypt. Both of these were made extraordinarily effective by the music, the dressing, and the lighting, the simply arranged stage being one end of the ball-room while the audience were seated on a raised stand at the other end. The performance was given three nights running, so quite an amount of money must have been collected for the cause. Pitt House, where Lord and Lady Clarendon live, belonged once to the great statesman, and is an attractive place with large grounds and lovely trees within a few minutes' walk from Jack Straw's Castle. I expect they will hate to leave it when they go off at the end of the year to take up his new appointment as Governor-General of South Africa. Their elder son, Lord Hyde, is home with them now, but their daughter, Lady Joan, is in Malta, after a winter spent in Canada.—Yours ever, EVE.



CUT AND COME AGAIN AT QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL

All the prettiest "buds" of the year seemed to be assembled at the May Fair Hotel last week when Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball raised a substantial sum of money for the Queen Charlotte Hospital at Hammersmith. The great moment of the evening was when thirty-one charming Maids of Honour, all dressed in white and heralded by trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, drew into the ball-room a birthday cake big enough for a regiment of Carneras. Lady Diana Cooper, who was the Dame d'Honneur in this decorative procession, is standing in front of the cake, and included in the group are Miss Rosemary Brassey, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Miss Diane Chamberlain, the Hon. Sylvia Coke, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, Miss Joan Madden, Mlle. Lyvia Paravicini, Lady Patricia Moore, the Hon. Angela Greenwood, Miss Helena Perrott, the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, the Hon. Pamela Stanley, and Miss Pamela Wellesley. On the cake, of which H.R.H. Princess Beatrice cut the first slice, were 186 electric candles, representing the number of years since the birth of Queen Charlotte, the first Royal patron of the hospital which bears her name.



Yevonde

TWO STUDIES OF MRS. RALPH WIGRAM

IN THE WORLD OF DIPLOMACY

Personalities at the Court
of St. James' and in Paris

H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, one of the most distinguished figures in London's diplomatic circle, has occupied 10, Lowndes Square, since 1927. Baron Cartier de Marchienne was formerly Ambassador to the United States, and it was while he was in America that he met and married his amiable and gracious wife. The Baron is a member of the Turf, among other London clubs. Mrs. Ralph Wigram occupies an important position at the British Embassy in Paris as the wife of the First Secretary. She was Miss Ava Bodley before her marriage, and is a daughter of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, the famous historian of France, whose *Life*, written by Shane Leslie, will shortly be published. Mrs. Wigram has inherited some of the literary ability of her father, who held a unique position in French Society, and has herself created an interesting literary and political circle in Paris



THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR AND BARONESS CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE AND THEIR DAUGHTER

The latest picture from Los Angeles of the famous American stage and screen actor and his wife, who was Miss Dolores Costello and still acts under that name. The baby, who is a month old, was christened Dolores Ethel Barrymore

UNLESS the management of the reopened Avenue Pavilion is very careful, it is going to have a success! It has got two things to live down, first its reputation for high-class, not to say, highbrow films, and second, its unfortunate name which is so completely baffling to taxi-drivers. Taxi-drivers are as we all know a highly intelligent class, but I have yet to find one who, when I say "Avenue Pavilion," will not unload me at Mr. Cochran's establishment. In fact it is nearly as difficult to get to this little picture-theatre as it is to attain that other theatre at Kew. I remember an occasion when in a dense November fog I proceeded from Bloomsbury to Oxford Circus by bus, from the Circus to Shepherd's Bush by tube, and then got into a taxi giving the direction, "Q Theatre." Some half-hour elapsed during which the landscape was entirely undiscernible. Presently the driver said "Here you are, sir. New Theatre!" I was in St. Martin's Lane. Pace Mr. Jack de Leon I am told that the best way to get to his theatre is to take the canal to Gunnersbury and then walk! However, this is by the way. I am certain that the best way to get to the Avenue Pavilion is to get out at the other place and walk.

When I got there the other evening the place was absurdly, ridiculously full. And so it ought to be if the programmes presented continue to be of that quality, which the other evening was good and yet not too good. As an ordinary film-goer I have the greatest distrust of art-films, the sort of stuff which is supposed to occupy the soul of Mr. Anthony Asquith and, I feel sure, doesn't. The programme at the Avenue Pavilion was utterly free from anything of which the Film Society would approve. In this matter I am exactly like every one of the Sultanas of the famous Sultan Oulougubeg in Voltaire's "Zadig." "How can you prefer," asked the Sultan, "a heap of stories utterly irrational and which have nothing in them?" The Sultanas answered, "It is just on that very account that we prefer them." There was a delicious Mack Sennett comedy, and once more I feel abashed at my critical incompetence. Who and what is Mr. Mack Sennett? Is he a film-producer or a film-actor? And if the latter, which was he of the two extraordinarily funny figures in this picture?—the fat man who ate birthday-cake filled with shaving-cream, or the still fatter man who tried to get his brother out of impossible difficulties and merely plunged him deeper in? I adore the *milieu* of this comedy, that setting in which there is neither better nor worse in class but only richer or poorer in money. I suppose it is typical of American Society that a chauffeur

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

A Jolly Evening

and a millionaire and a bathing-belle and a slap-stick comedian should all meet together and take tea in an obvious working-class tenement whence they emerge for the evening in opera-cloaks and evening dress. As usual this picture came to an end far too soon. After this came what used to be called a news budget, always, I think, one of the most entrancing items in any film entertainment. Surely there is not anything which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald cannot open with infinite grace and a maximum of felicitous commonplace. Tunnels, docks, exchanges, art galleries, bazaars, all come alike to him. The late A. B. Walkley had a capital passage on the filming of statesmen: "Perhaps the smiles are a little overdone. 'She smiles too much,' was Mr. Darcy's verdict on the eldest Miss Bennett, and I often feel inclined to say ditto when I see our great personages on the screen. The portraits painted of our statesmen in an earlier—pre-film or rather pre-photographic—age showed them made of sterner stuff. Can you imagine the Earl of Chatham or the Right Hon. William Pitt posing with set smiles? Some of those old fellows almost frighten you with their beetling brows and scowling mugs. It is the onrush of democracy, no doubt, that has wrought the change. A scowling Premier on the films would soon be bundled out of office." So far as I am concerned Mr. MacDonald has smiled himself into retention of office for as long as he likes. The Budget also showed Mr. Bobby Jones holing a chip shot. At least it showed him making the stroke and the spectators applauding, so I presume the ball went in though I could not see the hole. Then there was a picture of thousands of American policemen marching down the streets waving American flags. Whether they would or would not be better employed curbing the energies of their gangsters is a matter for the Americans with which we should have no opinion. Next followed a delightful instructional film which showed that the arrangements of Nature for propagating plants may be quite as entrancing a subject for the screen as the amours of American chorus-girls and thugs. I do not wish to be rude to the blonde nit-wits of that overpowering country. But I cannot refrain from saying that I find their much-vaunted temperament to be inferior in interest and purpose to the slow enterprise of the least prepossessing cabbage. After this came a Mickey Mouse cartoon, and I hereby take leave to suggest to the creator of these adorable fancies that he is in danger of becoming too extravagant. The whole point of these wonderful cartoons is that in a nightmare they might just seem possible. The simpler the better is the rule here, and their author should be advised to continue aiming at a child of six and not the Chelsea infant of twenty-six. The great glory of this series is that it is funny; it will be all up as soon as it definitely becomes what Chelsea calls "amusing." Last, we came to the picture of the evening, which was a screen version of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's capital detective yarn, *The House of the Arrow*. I enjoyed this, principally for the gloriously impossible and superbly over-romantic acting of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry. Mr. Neilson-Terry can be as good, as sensible, and as realistic an actor as anybody going. He can also, when the fit and the fun take him, be as actorish as Irving and Ellen Terry and his father, Fred Terry, and his mother, Julia Neilson, put together with little sister Phyllis thrown in. When Mr. Neilson-Terry is in this vein then I know that I am in for a good evening. Macbeth did not clutch that invisible dagger with half the feverish gusto with which this actor opens and shuts an ordinary cigarette-case. Romeo drinking poison from Juliet's lips does not do so with half the relish as that with which this young actor takes his after-dinner tonic. Throughout the whole of this film Mr. Neilson-Terry played with the utmost and misplaced bravura. But he was obviously such a likeable modest fellow in himself—which he is—that you wouldn't have minded if he had piled the nonsense on even thicker. But there grammar intervened. Thick, thicker, and thickest are the degrees of comparison. There can be no thicker than thickest.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. 21

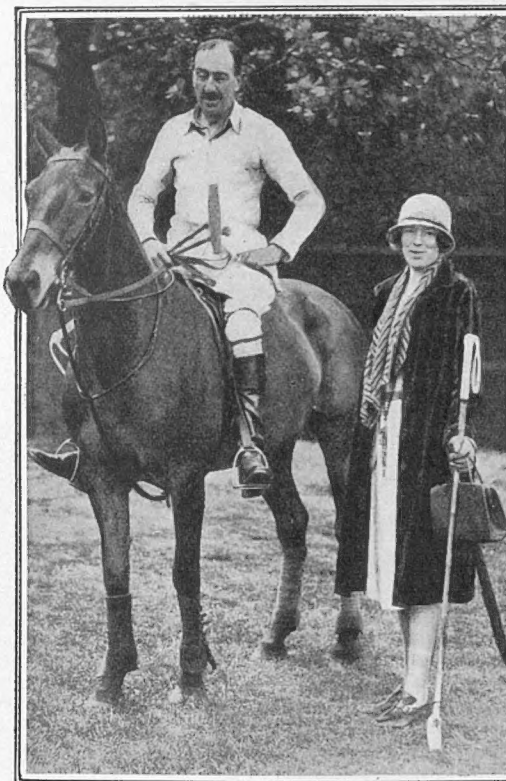
THE POLO GAME AT HURLINGHAM



LADY CRAVEN, MAJOR RATTLE BARRETT, AND MRS. FANE



COLONEL ARTHUR SCOTT-DUFF AND MRS. TREMAYNE

COLONEL VIVIAN LOCKETT AND
MRS. LOCKETTCAPTAIN TREMAYNE (BRIDGE HOUSE); Behind him,
CAPTAIN PILKINGTONLORD AND LADY LOUIS
MOUNTBATTEN

Although the weather last week felt more like as if we were in for a bit of skating, some hardy and devoted people turned out to see the Whitney Cup Semi-final at Hurlingham between the 17/21 Lancers and Bridge House, who with half a goal start managed to beat the crack regimental team, led by its old skipper, Lieut.-Colonel Vivian Lockett, 6½ to 5. Captain Tremayne was No. 3 for the winners, and Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, his No. 2, is seen just behind him. Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was putting the Bluejackets team in the field, broke his collar-bone at Gosport before he could get things really going—luckily it is only the bridle-arm. Colonel Arthur Duff is deputy-manager Hurlingham, and Major Rattle Barrett, England's last winning skipper v. America (1914), looks as if he were wondering whether 1930 is going to see that cup back again

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

CHESTER is always great fun, but it doesn't generally produce anything very informative about racing. This year only showed again that that fine trainer of stayers, "Dick" Gooch, can never be left out of the reckoning in any long-distance race. It also showed that a really pains-taking trainer should see to the fitting of his jockey's incisors before a race, as one lost his in the straight just as he was going to clench them to make his effort.

It is always a matter requiring great tact when continually touted as to the prospects of your horses to give an answer that, while not giving anything away, will create sufficient doubt in the mind of the inquirer to prevent him and his coterie spoiling the price. Probably to say "I've got a little each way" on every runner gets you the enviable reputation of being too big a fool to bother about, while preserving the idea of the great-hearted sportsman. It shows, however, a great lack of *savoir-faire* to put the whole of a house party off a good winner one year, and the whole of another house party on an "un-

expected" the next year. At a meeting like Chester it is criminal folly as the hotels are mostly so moderate. The mile selling race at Kempton was an example of how bad and ungenerous horses can be, everyone going sideways, backwards, any way to avoid winning. Cebrenus, just to spite him for his disgusting show at Chester, was put straight in the train and boxed down to run in this, and as "Atty" said, if he could have found a race on the Sunday he would have run him in it as well. Flaming Dawn was thought to be a good thing for the two-year-old selling race if she met the gate right. The fact that this had happened was announced by Mr. Bert Rich's avalanche from the top step of the stand to the rails, taking most of the onlookers with him.

The Jubilee was won with some ease by Lucky Tor, rather a light-bodied horse trained to the hour. Athford, who ran a listless race, looked like it in the paddock and gave the impression that his trainer had "got on top of him." Leonidas looked a picture and was on a tight rein at the distance but flopped as soon as he was asked to go on. Lion Hearted can be made fitter, and after fading-out in the race seemed to be running on at the finish.

Stingo, running over what is far more likely his right distance, won the sprint race, but so anxious was his jockey that in the last furlong he was riding so far in front of his horse that I believe it was the jockey's short head and not the horse's that won it. The unlucky Empire Builder at last came into his own

and showed fairly conclusively how bad the three-year-olds must be, while his half-brother by Buen Ojo won the two-year-old race with some ease from Lord Derby's Pot Pourri. At the start for this race another grey two-year-old ran through the tapes, unshipped his jockey, and galloped down the course. Seeing the delay Harry Beasley dismounted off the Fourfold colt, and the conclusion was jumped to that it was the latter who had got loose. It was not until one layer had spread himself at 3 to 1 to several hundreds that he realized his mistake.

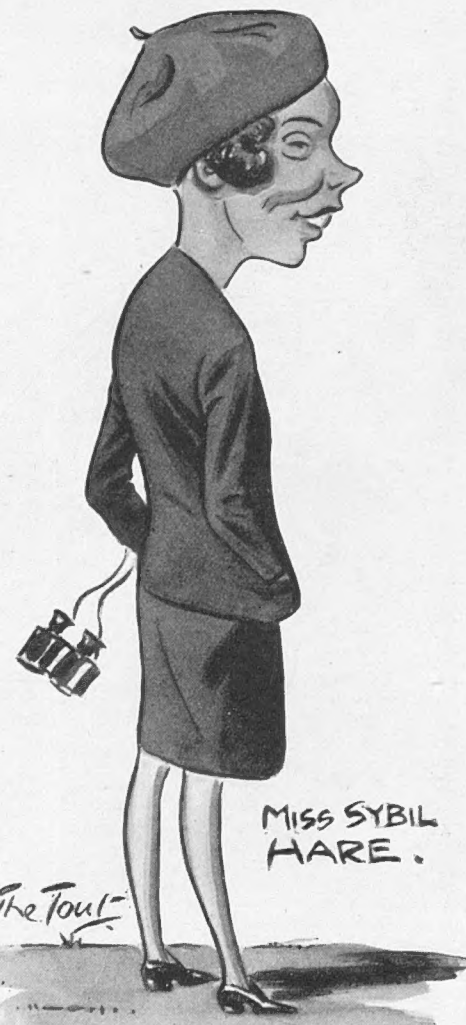
Windsor seems, possibly due to the Tote, to enjoy an enormous popularity nowadays, and even on Monday it was crowded. Certainly this course seems to suffer any bad luck that is going in the way of frost, fog, floods, bookmakers' strikes, etc., but can the executive not do something about the approach? At the moment all cars, chars-a-banc, and pedestrians must go up one narrow lane whose surface, as smooth as the bed of a stream, is about three inches deep in white dust. In the middle of this is a high, narrow, hog-backed bridge on which cars cannot pass. It is conceivable that a badly-placed car might not get back to London the same night, and no enormous expense would be needed to improve this. Anyway, what's the Tote for but to effect improvements?

Newmarket was very pleasant, but rather dull racing, the Newmarket Stakes on the Wednesday representing a very moderate lot of horses for a race of this sort. Writ, running in blinkers, started a good favourite and finished a good last to The Scout II, who didn't appear to be much fancied.

The Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes looked a good thing for Atbara if only she would get off, and so badly did she behave at the gate that her price lengthened several points in the market. In the end, as so often happens, the starter chose the moment when she was looking the right way and she probably got off best, which was the signal for an ugly rush at the rail. In the event she only just won from Lord Woolavington's Windybrae, with Philæ close up. Seldom have so many obese horses run as in this race, and Thermopylæ was strongly reminiscent of Smithfield.

The week's racing seems to point to Fuzzy Wuzzy being in the nature of a good thing should he run at Lingfield, where he is much better in than at Windsor. Narrowly beaten there the race will have brought him on a few pounds, and he seems a ready-made breadwinner.

What is the £500 to £1 bet Mr. Jack Clayton has laid?



MISS SYBIL HARE.

MISS SYBIL HARE

The latest recruit to the already formidable ranks of lady owners who so far have captured almost every big race in the calendar

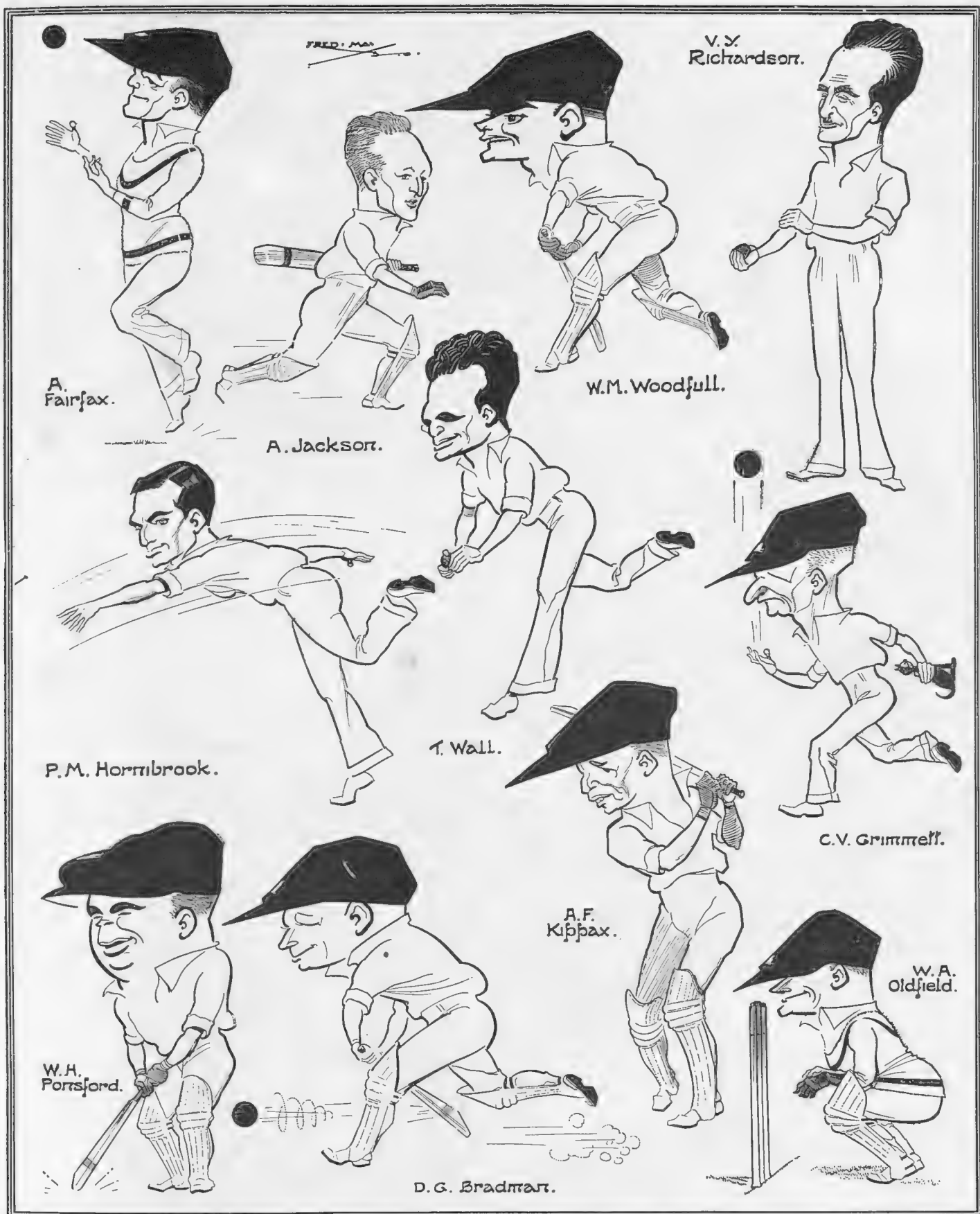


MAJOR T. G. N. BARDWELL.

MAJOR T. G. N. BARDWELL

Captured by "The Tout" when he was at the Jubilee Meeting at Kempton. Major Bardwell trains with College Leader at Newmarket

THE GALLANT CORNSTALKS



THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM—BY FRED MAY

We are going to find out exactly how much wag there is in the fighting kangaroo's tail when the battle is really joined in the first Test Match at Nottingham on June 13. The date is not one that is considered auspicious, but let us hope that it does not snow or freeze hard. At Lord's the other day there was a distinct suggestion of a "tail" to the invaders' team, but everyone seemed agreed that we had better not rate the attack too lightly. Who could after seeing what C. V. Grimmett, P. M. Hornibrook, T. Wall, and A. Fairfax can do to some people's timber-yards? The Boy Wonder Bradman, the Hindenburg Line Woodfull, and that beautiful stylist A. F. Kippax, to say nothing of the imperturbable Ponsford, have shown us something of the batting department. However here's hoping!

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Necessary Shake-up.

I LIVE, so I am firmly convinced, on the outskirts of what must surely be the very dullest seaside town of its size in all England. It is of course highly respectable. In fact it is so Victorian that it is really a museum piece. It embraces to quite an extraordinary degree all the unpleasantness of a town with none of the charm of a seaside village. Nothing ever goes on there from one week's end to another, yet it has shops, a tramway system, buses, the usual hideous National schools, and the usual highly-prominent gasworks. True, some centuries ago, apparently, some enterprising spirit threw a cowshed into the sea and called it a pier. True, also, another enterprising spirit of a later date has carried into one of the partitions of this cowshed a few penny-in-the-slot machines, now mostly out of order, and one peep-show called "A hot night in Paris," which represents the Paris fire brigade in full play! (this a touch of real humour in an oasis of forlorn seriousness), and he has called his collection "The Palace of Fun." Otherwise the town is a perfect specimen of relentless hideousness and unimaginable dullness. So dull and so hideous, in fact, that some brave spirit the other day left a live Mills bomb in the station. But even that did not go off! Still I understood the criminal's *idea*! I quite know how he felt. After half-an-hour in the town I feel like that myself! I wonder why respectability born and bred in the bone does always give birth to such an appallingly depressing florescence! Not that one wants vice and wickedness except that, as a rule, their bright "aliveness" is often engaging. But why so much Goodness should apparently possess a mind which has taken in nothing since Mr. Gladstone said whatever he did say in 1884, I find hard to understand. Why congregated Respectability should invariably build itself such ugly houses; economize so much on outside paint; hate to see anybody enjoying the Sabbath except as the aged and the infirm might be said to enjoy it; love flowers arranged in beds to some relentless pattern; briefly, wish to live as if life at its keenest should resemble a perpetual after-dinner drowse, I can never understand. Yet such is always the case. However, I know now where to send all those people who write to newspapers complaining that such is the irreverent, irreligious, irresponsible condition of modern England that it, and the future generations who may inhabit it, are steering steadily for the dogs. They have only to come down to the seaside town on the outskirts of which I live to find that if all is wrong with England all is indubitably right with Lower-Puddlestone-on-Sea. I am quite sure, for instance, that in the only bookshop we possess no volume of Olive Wadsley or Miss Dell's will be ousted from its main position in the window by Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Assorted Articles" (Secker. 6s.). Reading all his books, as wise readers should, one may perhaps get a little tired of women and sex, but one can never grow tired of his wit, the delicacy of his literary style, his originality, and his honesty. Most books and poems he has ever written are like a draught of fresh air through the stuffy conventional atmosphere in which most people live half-asleep. True, both women and sex seemed later to have become for him almost an obsession, which reached its climax when, after forty years of age, he suddenly turned painter, but even so he opened many a metaphorical door and let in fresh air even on those two much

over-worked subjects. Like all the obsessed, too, he will talk about Woman as if up to the present she had never been anything except what Men had made of her or imagined her to be. In the future, however, he insists that she is going to be Herself—whatever on earth that may be! In his essay, "Give Her a Pattern," he insists that the female has always tried to adapt herself to the male, but that very soon, in her new-found free-



MRS. GERALD STEELE

In the lovely frock she wore when she attended the second Court of the season. Mrs. Steele, who is the wife of Major Gerald Steele, presented Commander J. C. Leach's wife

freedom(!) she will change into something hitherto unrecognized and unrecognizable. In the essay "Do Women Change?" he elaborates this idea. Beyond, however, insisting that presently the children will take their mother's name, because their father will only be a purely temporary nuisance about the house, I never quite grasped what this new Woman, who is purely and solely isolated as a woman, is going to be. Nevertheless there isn't a single chapter in the book which does not make you think; not always agreeably perhaps, but even in disagreement it is mentally stimulating. That blessed tonic! There are other subjects discussed, however, other than Men, Women, and their mutual reactions to one another. The chapter on "Dull London" reflects almost exactly how most of us feel when, after a sojourn in the Sunny South, one returns, and until, of course, we have settled down into the rhythm of London once more. "Of course England is the easiest country in the world, easy and nice. Everybody is nice and everybody is easy. The English people on the whole are surely the *niciest* people in the world, and everybody makes everything so easy for everybody else that there is almost nothing to resist at all. But this very easiness and this very niceness become at last a nightmare. It is as if the whole air were impregnated with chloroform or some other pervasive anæsthetic, that makes everything easy and nice and takes the edge off everything whether nice or nasty. As you inhale the drug of easiness and niceness your vitality begins to sink. Perhaps not your physical vitality, but something else,



PIRANDELLO. AS AVTORI SEES HIM

The Einstein of the dramatists whose fourth dimensional plays have puzzled and delighted London with their brilliant subtlety. It will be remembered that a Pirandello season in Italian was given here some years ago, and "It's True if You Think It Is" ran for a considerable time at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Early this month "Naked" was presented at the Cambridge Festival Theatre

(Continued on p. 396)

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

By George Belcher



He: Smith Minor got all his sums wrong to-day, Mummy
She: How do you know?
He: Because he copied mine

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the vivid flame of your individual life. England can afford to be so free and individual because no individual flame of life is sharp and vivid. It is just mildly warm and safe. You couldn't burn your fingers at it. Nice, safe, easy; the whole ideal." And this perhaps explains that always curious psychical phenomenon which is, the moment you set foot on foreign soil there comes to you an extraordinary sense of freedom, of mental expansion, some subtle realization of liberty. But this is only part of the extraordinary mental tonic of his book. It stirs up the conventional mud of your mind and makes you ponder things afresh. As such it is the most exciting book I have read this week. But I don't think it will ever be seen in the bookshops of Lower Puddlestone-on-Sea. It might do us all good if it did. For disapprove of the books of the late D. H. Lawrence as you may, they are always something far more than merely worth reading, something daringly outspoken, unconventional, a little wild; so they are mentally exciting, and consequently good for us, just because of these qualities.

Thoughts from
"Assorted
Articles."

"Wickedness in other people is an *idée fixe* of the elderly."

"When everything is questioned out of existence then the real fun will begin putting the right things back. But nothing is any good till the old lies are got rid of."

"Beauty is an experience, nothing else. It is not a fixed pattern or an arrangement of features. It is something felt, a glow or a communicated sense of fineness."

"When a woman is thoroughly herself she is being what her type of man wants her to be. When a woman is hysterical it's because she doesn't quite know what to be, which pattern to follow, which man's picture of woman to live up to."

"Men leave the field to women when men become inwardly indifferent to the field. What the women take over is really an abandoned battle. They don't pick up the tools and weapons of men till men let them drop."

"Goodness means in the end being like everybody else, and not having a soul to call your own."

"Science in its true religion of wonder is as religious as any religion. But didactic science is as dead and boring as dogmatic religion."

The Story of a Murderer.

I suppose I am one of the minority who can scarcely read Edgar Wallace! But then I find it difficult to read any story of imaginary crime when I can read or study real crime and real criminals. I refuse to be harrowed by novels in which the first chapter discloses a body in a box, or the bloody corpse of some rich financier, the mystery of whose death is made the more mysterious because one bullet went in at the back and another went in at the front! But Joanna Cannan's story of a murderer, "No Walls of Jasper" (Benn. 7s. 6d.), is the story of a murder which I can not only read but enjoy, simply because under the circumstances I might have murdered old George Prebble myself! His only son, Julian Prebble, had a lot of my sympathy even though he was a vulgar, coarse, unimaginative man. To live with a forlorn wife and two children for years

and years in one of those horrible, soul-deadening rows of little red-brick houses in the suburbs; always in debt, never having anything to spend, and to know that your old father, rich and senile, if dead would make your life worth living, does somehow or other make the thought of murder not so awfully awful. He was a tiresome, vindictive old man, who was mean to his own son, yet extraordinarily generous to his illegitimate offspring—a good-looking ne'er-do-well. With a little money, Julian might have bought a partnership in the firm of publishers for whom he worked. But would the old father advance him a small sum? He would not. He gloried in making his son's life miserable because he hated him. He was a nasty old man. So at the end of one of their weekly suppers together, during which the father as usual did all he could to irritate Julian, Julian slipped a portion of arsenic into his Ovaltine. There was no inquest. The doctor gave a certificate of death from natural causes. Julian entered into his vulgar kingdom. Nor was he the only one. His poor wife, a charming character,

down-trodden by poverty and circumstances, found a second "bloom-ing" in the friendship and love of a young man who joined them as holiday-tutor to her boys. This friendship, for it was nothing more, led to the second murder. For Julian, although he had long since ceased to love his wife and had, indeed, a mistress of his own, grew, like all murderers, to believe that he would never be found out. His vanity, his vulgarity, his bullying nature, led him on to poisoning his wife's friend. It also led to his undoing. But the main interest of this most interesting novel is that

Joanna Cannan has given us a picture of real life and real people, around whom the drama of her plot never once becomes melodrama. She writes with wit and observation. Does she succeed in making her murderer human? She does. But also she fails to make him impressive. One never quite takes either the murderer or the murders so seriously as one should. Julian never stirs the imagination to haunt it later on. In fact one is really more interested in Phyl, his poor, unhappy wife, and in his two victims, and in the descriptions of Julian's ordinary business and domestic career. In this way I suppose the novel is only half a success. But the successful half is so good that it really is a book which you should read. It hasn't a dull chapter in it.

A Charming Little Children's Book.

Birthday presents for children are always rather a problem, but one of the most charming little books for very young children I have come across recently is called "The Fairy Sign-Post" (St. Mary's Studios, Chaddesden, Derby. 3s.). It is written in a series of delightful little stories, each appropriate to a season of the year. The author of them is Etheldreda Carlin, and Charles Carlin has drawn some charming illustrations. As a birthday present for a small boy or girl it is quite an ideal solution to that always perplexing problem.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxxii of this issue



Urchin (disgustedly): 'Im calling 'imself Kippax
Second ditto: 'Ere, you leave 'im alone. 'E can call 'imself Kippax, 'Obbs, Sutcliffe, Woodfull, or W. G. Grace, while 'is mother keeps that sweetshop!

PAGEANTS, PLAYS, AND PLAYERS



MISS LILY ELSIE

Miss Lily Elsie, whose return to a stage from which she was greatly missed is photographed in the striking costume in which she appeared last Monday (26th) at the British Empire Pageant Ball, which was attended by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Miss Lily Elsie represented "Britain and her Industries," and wore £100,000 worth of jewellery. Miss Diana Wynyard with Miss Celia Johnson, the heroine in "Debonair," and Miss Peggy Ashcroft, the very latest Desdemona, is regarded as one of the new hopes of the London stage. Miss Wynyard will appear with Sir Nigel Playfair in the new play at the St. Martin's, "Petticoat Influence," due on June 3. Mlle. Lydia Lopokova, who in private life is Mrs. J. M. Keynes, is appearing soon in a short sketch written by Franz Molnar, and due shortly at the Grafton Theatre. Mlle. Lopokova is making great efforts to establish a London Ballet Society, and no one could organize such a thing better than she



MISS DIANA WYNYARD

Marian Lewis



MLLE. LYDIA LOPOKOVA

Lenore



AT THE LEEDS AIR PAGEANT

The Hon. Lady Bailey, Lieut.-Colonel Edwards, Lord Brotherton, and Mr. S. H. Garsides. Lieut.-Colonel Edwards is the Managing Director of National Flying Services, Ltd. Lord Brotherton was formerly Sir Edward Brotherton, Bart., and was created a peer in 1929, and is a famous chemical manufacturer and an ex-Lord Mayor of Leeds

Bristol Fashion.

BRISTOL seems, at a distance of some hundred miles at any rate, to be a place redolent of ships and shipping, as distinct from London which is a place of shops and shopping, Paris which is a place of bocks and bocking, and New York which is a place of cops and wopping. But Bristol is changing with the times, and after next Saturday it will become a place of flips and flipping. Talking of Bristol one feels inclined (still at a distance of a hundred miles) to hitch up one's slacks, go through the motions of hauling an imaginary rope and burst into a sea shanty; one is impelled to speak with the tongues of seamen and the new Poet Laureate about "tarry Buccaneer O's" and "fancy men in crimson bombazino with ear-ring and sea-boots the bravest ever seen O." Bristol's spiritual crest is the aerofoil rampant, whether in the form of a sail or in the form of a 'plane, and it is only right that a town so closely associated with sailing-craft should also be associated with aircraft. Both are air born and air borne, æolian inventions, mechanized *wind-bags*.

Bristol will be one of the first half-dozen municipalities to establish its own aerodrome. Prince George will open the new aerodrome on Saturday and a pageant will be given which, judging from the programme, seems likely to be the most elaborate of all the pageants with the exception of the Royal Air Force Display. The planning of a programme is not much, the carrying through of it is the difficult part; but the arrangements have been carefully thought out, and with good luck there should be a fine spectacle. Everyone who flies must go to Bristol on Saturday—even in spite of the Bristol Corporation's threat to present every visiting pilot with a commemorative medallion. So the anchor is weighed and the sails they are set and Away Rio! I think we shall all be Bristol bound with whatever is the aeronautical equivalent to a "Yo, Heave Ho," this week end.

Brooklands.

Imagination and foresight were shown in the planning of the pageant at Brooklands. More than sixty aeroplane owners came over, and the machines included the Comper Swift, the Puss Moth, a Service Virginia, Desoutters, Bluebirds, the Junkers Junior, and Captain Guest's Junkers F 13. Lord Thomson and Sir Sefton Brancker were there, and of the making of aerobatics there was no end. The programme began with Flight-Lieutenant Rose and ended with Flight-Lieutenant

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Thorn, and included Captain Broad. Captain Broad remains the pluperfect past master of the aerobatic, but there were several pilots at Brooklands whose flying was new to me who ran him close. Flight-Lieutenant Thorn, in the Hermes Avian, did some slow rolls which were beautifully accurate. But his repertoire of manoeuvres is too restricted. In fact, apart from Captain Broad, the only pilot who exhibited a large repertoire was Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth in the Junkers Junior. He bunted this machine and did an upside-down falling leaf besides crazy-flying and the usual loops and rolls. Flying-Officer Snaith was another pilot with whose flying I was not familiar, but who flung the Swift about with electrical effect upon the spectators. And Mr. George Murray gave us an inverted spin. Mr. John Trnam dropped with his Russell-Lobe parachute from a machine piloted by Captain H. D. Davis, to whose work the excellence of this pageant was largely due. Mr. Dudley Watt showed off the slow speed of the D.W. 2. His Majesty the King is reputed last year to have referred with delicate humour to a 300-m. p. h. Schnei-

der Trophy racer "hovering" over his yacht in the Solent. The D.W. 2 is the first aeroplane I have seen to which the expression "hovering" might be applied seriously.

The Brooklands Club has had a good start. It would be well advised to keep its flying activities severely apart



MR. IVOR THOMPSON AND MRS. G. D. MALLINSON

With the Coupé Moth 'plane owned by Mr. G. D. Thompson, in which Mr. Thompson won the Yorkshire Air Race at the Leeds meeting



CAPTAIN NEWTON LANCASTER

The famous airman and hero of the London to Tasmania flight, with a Cessna glider, at the glider pilots' meeting at the Queensborough Golf and Country Club, New York. It was held under the auspices of the National Glider Association of America

from the activities of the Motor Racing Club. Nothing will so quickly put a motor-racing enthusiast off flying as to see and hear machines flying over the track when a motor-race in which he is interested is taking place. So long as the two things are kept apart, Brooklands has many advantages for air meetings, among them the ease with which spectators may be controlled and those who have not paid prevented from seeing the show.

Puss Moth.

Squadron-Leader England, when I saw him at the banquet to Lord Wakefield, told me that he had been greatly impressed by the silence and good view of the Puss Moth. The

(Continued on p. xxx)

Ornaments to Society

New Portraits of Charming People

Decorative Mrs. Eustace Robb (on the right) was Madame Fagalde before she married Major-General Sir Frederick Robb's only son two years ago. Her father-in-law, a distinguished soldier, served in the Nile Expedition and was Inspector-General of Communications during the early part of the European War. Mr. Eustace Robb was in the Coldstream Guards from 1918 to 1922



MRS. EUSTACE ROBB

Yevonde



LADY HOGG

Yevonde

Lord Hailsham's sister-in-law is a daughter of the late Sir Frank Beaman, I.C.S. Her husband, Sir Malcolm Hogg, a big power in the banking world and a director of Forbes, Forbes Campbell and Co., was sent to India by that firm at the age of twenty-two and showed such amazing ability that twelve years later, in 1917, he was appointed Chairman of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce and also became a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. Sir Malcolm and Lady Hogg live in Weymouth Street, and their family consists of a son and a daughter. Lady St. Oswald, who contributes another attractive face to this page, is the wife of the 3rd Lord St. Oswald, and married during the European War. She and her husband live in Sussex and are the occupants of a very nice house near Billingshurst. Lord St. Oswald succeeded in 1919



LADY ST. OSWALD

Dorothy Wilding

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—With the new and really quite luxurious swimming pools—open and closed—at the Porte Molitor, and the improvements that have been made to the Roland-Garros tennis stadium, Auteuil has become the centre of summer sports in Paris. A fact that I personally find most convenient, since I live in that most delightful *quartier*. What a mercy, however, that the flat-racing takes place at Longchamps, for if the race-course at Auteuil was also actually in use, getting in and out of the city towards Versailles would be even more of a problem than it is. Almost a Davis Cup crowd made its way to the Stade Roland-Garros for the International matches yesterday, and one felt that the organizers had really run things pretty fine when one remembered that the luncheon, given to inaugurate the embellishments that have been made to an already very satisfactory stand (for Paris, at all events) only took place this last Thursday. The new dressing, shower, and massage rooms, the restaurant, "American" bar, and (last but very much not least, for slave-brothers of the Press), the additional telephone booths are all they should be in the pleasantest of flower-decked settings against the now gorgeously green background of the Bois de Boulogne. There are indeed few more agreeable places in which to spend a fine spring afternoon . . . and yet, having an Oliver Twistic nature, I was out for "more," and went that same evening in search of further greenness, to dine at l'Isle-Adam. Do you know that pretty townlet on the River Oise, a forty-minutes' drive from Paris by the Pontoise road? In summer time it is famed for its *plage*, an amusing little pretence beach—sand, bathing-huts, striped parasols and tents, where one can sun-bathe at the "river-brink," paddle in a backwater, or swim out into the "wide reaches" beyond the old grey bridge! There are ice-cream vendors (highly sterilized and all that) and home-made (so 'e sez) lemonade men, there are diving-boards and canoes and very gay young people who use them, there are restaurongs and tea-places and an A.A. branded ot-ell, and there is also boulevard de la Republique (very pleasantly a little farther from the madding crowd), Géo Fursy's villa. When poor Fursy, that most delightful and witty of *chansonniers*, died last year, he left a very young widow, an adopted daughter (yes, he was that kind of warm-hearted, generous bloke), and an interesting assortment of souvenirs. Pictures and first editions (warmly dedicated by their authors), autographed programmes, and furniture of the old-association-sake period, but precious little bullion or any of those strangely printed documents on fancy and coloured paper that represent an income. Hence Géo's rolling-up-of-the-sleeves! She is a divine cook as all of us who remember Fursy's impromptu parties can vouch for, and she knows therefore how to superintend her kitchen. Her experience of touring with her husband has taught her the tragedy of arriving late at night, tired and travel-stiff at provincial hotels, and finding icicles round the H.W. tap, and I can assure you



WALTER RUMMEL

Whom poor Isadora Duncan called "The Archangel of Music" because of his mystical and romantic rendering of Bach, Liszt, and Chopin. Walter Rummel's mother was American and was the daughter of Mr. S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the Morse Code. His father was Franz Rummel, and he himself was educated in Berlin

Achay
THE
IRWIN
SISTERS

A pretty pair of English acrobatic dancers who are very well known on the Continent and had a good success last season in Paris and are now dancing in Berlin

that her hot-water taps (in every room and a telephone) are scalding. The house is not big, there are but five guest-rooms in all, but it looks over a green stretch of the Oise valley and, to my taste, it is a quiet, peaceful, and most happy place.

There must have been recriminations a-plenty from the anxious mamas and hen-pecking wives who live in the suburbia that lies between Garches and St. Germain one evening last week when their daughters, sons, and husbands dawdled in Paris and missed the usual train. Fancy arriving to catch the 6.15 and finding, camped down in the big hall of the St. Lazare station, a picturesque company of Sioux braves—feathers, war-paint, and all! They had come straight over from Dakota, landed that morning; they were *en route* to join up with a touring circus whose representative, mysteriously delayed—or was it merely good advertisement—had failed to show up at the rendezvous! Redskins! Could you have resisted the lure, Très Cher? I couldn't! But what a thin excuse it must have sounded to mama and wife!

Have you read Reynaldo Hahn's *souvenirs* of "La Grande Sarah"? This well-known composer and musician was a close friend of the great actress, whom he first saw as a small boy when she was already well into her splendid maturity. As a young man he was an habitué of her dressing-room at the theatre, of her home and her studio in Paris, of her romantic "fort" at Belle Isle. The "souvenirs" are just simple, intimate little notes of meetings and voyages, jotted down haphazard in unpretentious style; every-day incidents noted with humour but with kindness . . . with truth, but the truth seen from a friend's angle. And do you know what touches me the most? It is the account he gives of how lovely she looked in certain frocks which he describes with affectionate minuteness. One feels that he was so proud of this marvellous but ageing friend that, when she was looking her best, he desired the whole world to share his pleasure and remember her with his eyes. A delightful book, and one that only a musician could write. It is edited by Hachette . . . you must read it.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



THE DISHONOURED LADY

Miss Fay Compton as
Madeleine the Murderess



Bertram Park, Dover Street

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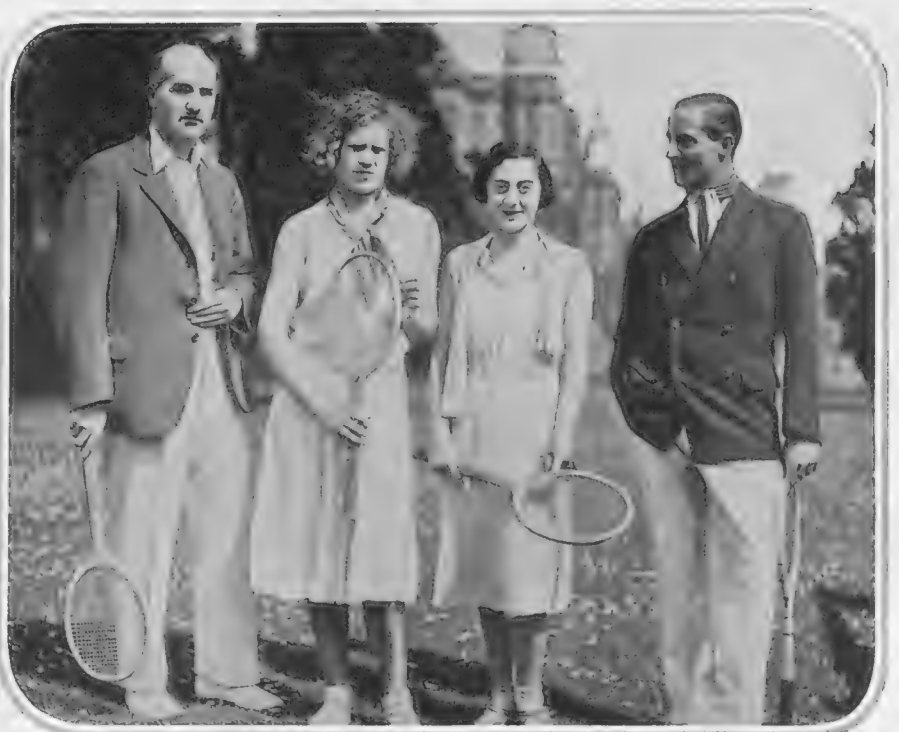
Miss Fay Compton has scored a very great personal acting success in the quite unpleasant play of American origin, "Dishonoured Lady," which is produced under Miss Gladys Cooper's banner at the Playhouse, but even the actress' great artistry fails to attract any sympathy towards the heroine, who is a murderess, and also completely without morals, a thing which is not always the case in people who slay. Madeleine Cary has had an affaire with a very bad type of Gigolo of the Dago type. She then happens to fall in love with an Englishman, one Lord Farnborough. The Dago, after the manner of his kind, sees a great chance for blackmail, and he proceeds to threaten Madeleine. So she puts a drop of strychnine in his drink. She is arrested for the murder; put on her trial, and gets off by suborning perjury on the part of another-old flame who consents to swear that she spent the entire night of the crime with him. This play is dealt with in "The Passing Shows" pages

h 2

AT THE EATON HOUSE PARTY



MR. TOMMY GRAVES AND LADY DELAMERE ON
THE WAY TO THE COURTS



PROFESSOR LINDERMAN, THE HON. JOAN MARJORIBANKS, MISS ENID
RAPHAEL, AND COUNT MUNSTER



MR. PERCY WHITAKER, MR. ATTY
PER SSE, LADY URSULA FILMER-
SANKEY, LADY MARY GROSVENOR,
AND MRS. CLOWES



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW AND GENERAL
SIR JOHN PONSONBY



On left: THE HON. MRS.
VANDY BEATTY, LORD
CARNARVON, AND MR.
GEORGE DRUMMOND

At the Duke and Duchess of Westminster's recent house party at Eaton lawn tennis bulked very largely. It is an excellent game for keeping you warm during a Buchan nip, and all the people on this page assisted either as performers or distinguished audience, such as, for instance, celebrities of the turf like Mr. Percy Whitaker and Mr. Atty Persse, who is also an M.F.H.; Mr. Tommy Graves, who now hunts with the Whaddon, and is also running Nash's Club; Lord Carnarvon, who rode his first winner the other day; and Mrs. Vandy Beatty, wife of the renowned Newmarket trainer, who is "Vandy" to most of us. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, who is a daughter of the late Marquess of Ormonde, is the widow of one of the most popular men who ever was in the Guards Brigade, the late Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew

"SHAMROCK V" LEAVES 'EM BEHIND

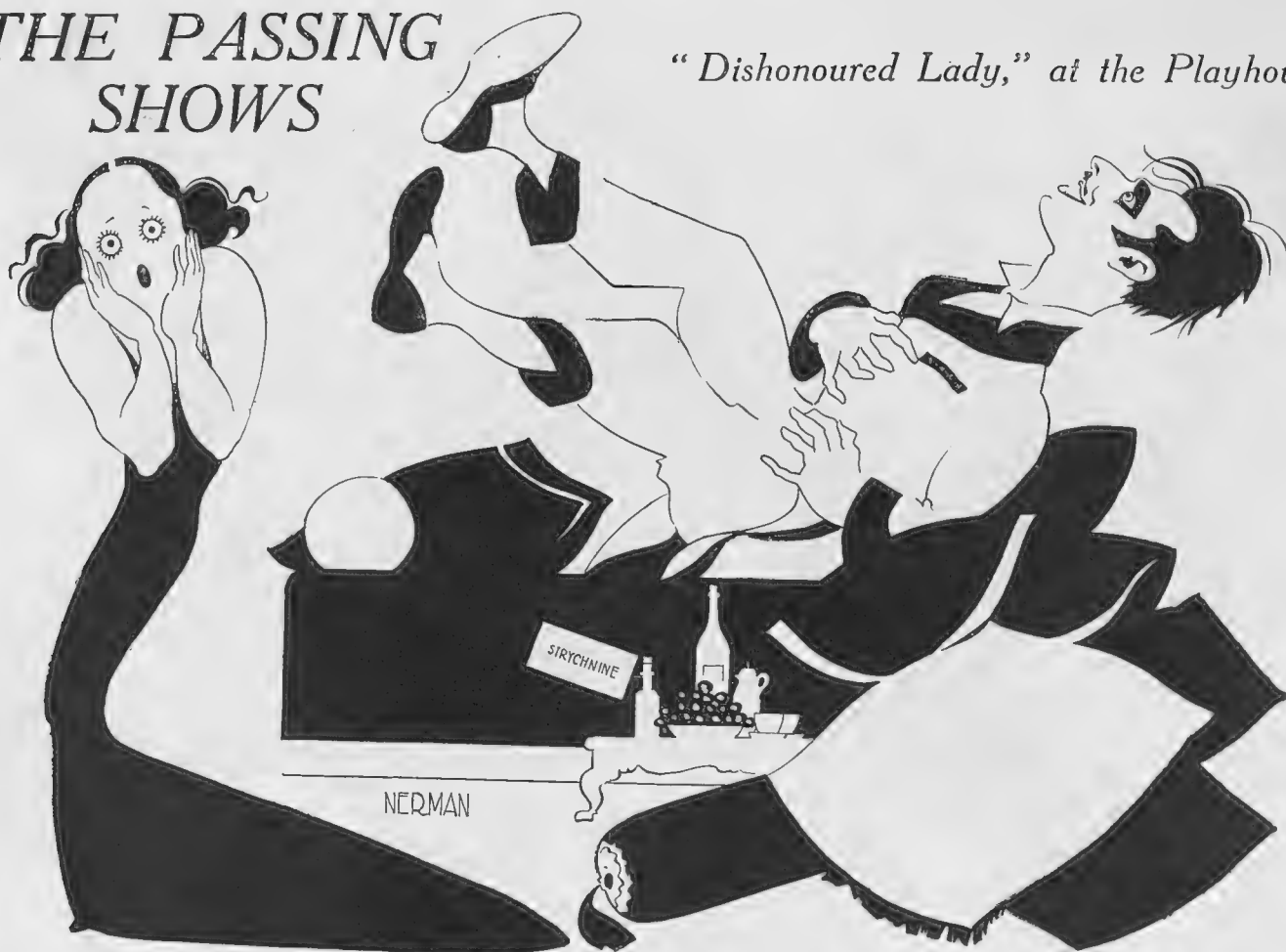


"CAMBRIA," "SHAMROCK V," AND "LULWORTH" ASTERN OFF HARWICH

"Shamrock V" gave the whole fleet of them leg-bail at Harwich and her performance was most promising, because she behaved well both when there was not much weight in the wind and when it freshened when they got off the land. The Americans, it is said, think that their bigger yachts are bound to beat Sir Thomas Lipton's latest in a real breeze off Newport, Rhode Island, where the America Cup will be sailed on September 13, instead of off Sandy Hook, where in past years the light airs have resulted in a few fluke wins, but this remains to be seen. Most of the Yankee yachts beat "Shamrock V" for beam, and we hear of stainless steel plates brightly polished to reduce resistance through the water; but Sir Thomas Lipton's new boat has shown that she can fly, and victory for America may not be quite so certain. The four defenders are "Yankee," "Weetamoe," "Enterprise," and the Herreshoff boat "Whirlwind," the biggest of the bunch, 87 ft. water-line, to "Shamrock V's" 81 ft.

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Dishonoured Lady," at the Playhouse



MADELEINE DOING HIM IN

Miss Fay Compton (Madeleine Cary) gives the dago blackmailer (Mr. Harold Huth) a dash of strychnine in his coffee. It is, as will be observed, a very painful poison and gives the drinker G.P.I. (great pain inside)

IT was the biff that did it—a full back-handed swing of the right arm which drove the dago's knuckles crash, bang, into the bad girl's mouth. Had Mr. Harold Huth overdone it? Was Miss Fay Compton merely stung, or bruised beyond repair? What would the bad girl do? Faint silently on the carpet? Return the blow with as much force as her right arm could command? Scream for help?

Madeleine Cary did none of these things, and because she was what she was, we who got to the Playhouse to see *Dishonoured Lady*, by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon (and believe me, the sooner we all go the better, for here, indeed, is a play with a "punch"), must be sent away with an unhappy ending. Madeleine does not marry her Marquis; her father, for so long a martyr to heart and whisky, leaves her to keep house for herself and clears off to Europe; her best friend, on the plea that she is too clever for him, returns to his home and wife in Los Angeles. The Marquis (Labour) goes home to England and his co-operative coal mines.

Mr. George Curzon's silent

departure would doubtless have plunged the pit, had there been one, into damp-eyed despair. For who can come under the spell of Miss Compton for three Acts and leave her without a qualm, sobbing her heart out in mid-stage, rejected and despised? Not I, for one. Madeleine had met José Moreno at some purple party in Paris. Remembered in Venice, where Cartier's last word in pearl crosses had followed her, the ivory gleam of his teeth when he smiled, the way he had held her when they danced. To his apartment on West 49th Street she came, then, suddenly, at dead of night.

Above the doors Gothic arches. On the low Turkish table champagne glasses. On the red divan cushions legion and luscious. Also on the divan a blonde chorus girl—Rosie, recumbent, rampant—preparing with José's co-operation for a voluptuous evening. Transformation of Rosie (very vigorously done by Miss Annette Benson) from vamp to vixen. Ungallant ejection of the blonde via the back door. Entrance of Madeleine through the front. Champagne. Conversation. Invitation. Realization. . . .

Scene 2, Mr. Cary's library on Washington Square. Over the mantelpiece a portrait of Madeleine's mother.



MR. C. V. FRANCE AND MR. HARDING STEERMAN

As Rufus Cary, Madeleine's father, a bit of a dipsomaniac, and Sims, the butler, who gives a Victorian touch of respectability to the *Dishonoured Lady's* surroundings

MISS FAY COMPTON
AND MR. GEORGE
CURZON

Madeleine with Lord Farnborough, the only man she ever really loved and for whom she poisons her former friend, the Dago—as per thrilling picture on opposite page

By the end of Act I Madeleine was distinctly likeable. It was decent of her to refuse the Marquis. The arrival of José came like the faint, distant roll of thunder before the storm. Knowing what these half-Indian, half-Spanish love-lizards can do in the way of bravura, one almost expected him to swagger into the house with the guitar whereon he had vamped the Spanish serenade which had precipitated her surrender. He brought a walking-stick instead and might have used it only the back of the hand proved sufficient. José was very much annoyed to see Madeleine's engagement featured on the front page of all the papers. She was his woman. He wasn't going to give her up. She must come to his room that night after the theatre.

Madeleine was just in the middle of telling him that he was the scum of the earth, a low, coarse cabaret singer, and in fact a sewer-rat, when the cave-man struck her in the mouth. The effect was painfully primitive. Madeleine could have rung the bell, summoned her fiancé, done something. As her faithful Scot remarked later, Moreno could easily have been "bumped off for a couple of hundred bucks." But the fight had gone out of her, something else taking its place. José had won on a foul.

Scene 2, the divan, the black servant, and the blonde unpreferred as before. Madeleine in a black fur coat of surpassing loveliness. José barbarically amorous. Madeleine resisting in the rough-and-tumble as best she may, with murder in her heart and hand-bag. Now is her chance. José has retired in search of a red dressing-gown. The coffee is made. Her father's strychnine tablets are handy. José has returned suitably attired. He must stop kissing her to a jelly and drink. José finishes his coffee, but it is not good. It tastes bitter. Now he is dictating a letter

Present, Madeleine's father (Mr. C. V. France, cleverly suggesting senility hampered by a weak heart and a loose youth); the marquis; a lawyer (Mr. Hartley Power); and her brusque, staunch, Scotch friend (Mr. Nigel Bruce—quite perfect) on whom, but not with whom, she has been living for three years.

This relationship was typical of Madeleine only in the sense that she got what she wanted. Platonic intimacy was hardly her strong suit. Her past went right back to the picture on the wall. A jealous husband had shot her mother's lover in her bedroom. When he recovered the ministering angel ran off with him to Italy. Widowhood, more and more lovers, and a pauper's death followed. A sordid story.

more lovers, and a pauper's death followed. A sordid story.

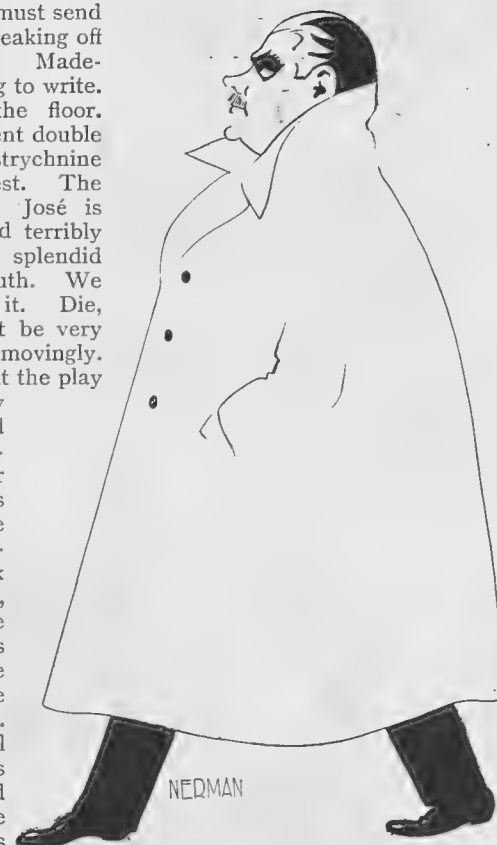
which Madeleine must send to the Marquis breaking off the engagement. Madeleine is pretending to write. José is pacing the floor. Suddenly he is bent double with pain. The strychnine is doing its best. The pains get worse. José is dying terribly, and terribly slowly. It is a splendid effort by Mr. Huth. We can hardly bear it. Die, sir, die! It must be very difficult to do so movingly. We remember that the play is produced by Mr. Raymond Massey. Madeleine has put her gloves on. She is wiping the coffee cups. Fingerprints. Thank goodness (yes, we're on her side all right) she has remembered the letter. And the strychnine bottle. But not the pearl cross. José is dead. He tried to telephone to the police, "She has poisoned me..." That's all. Madeleine tore out the wire as José fell at her feet. The police are knocking outside. It is Madeleine's turn for the back door now.

Act III, Scene 1. The net is closing and the hands that draw it tighter are the hands of a friend. The young lawyer representing the district attorney has the case in hand. Very ably does Mr. Hartley Power convey the struggle between friendship and duty. Madeleine's cross has been found. She admits to a mild acquaintance with José. A servant saw her come in at 5.30 a.m. If only she would tell the truth. Remorselessly the cross-examination goes on. The blonde and the nigger identify her. Things are desperate. Call the Scot, her lover. He will swear that she spent the night in his flat. What a friend! What a perjurer!

Scene 2, after the trial. Madeleine, after three months in the Tombs prison, is free. Good old jury. Good old perjury. Free—too free. The Marquis is her last anchor. He offers marriage and England. We are rather disliking and despising Madeleine now, but don't let's be too severe. The happy-ending habit dies hard. The dishonoured lady has one more cup to drain of shame and sorrow. Courageously she takes it in both hands. She confesses that the dago's kisses awoke the old desire. She wanted him although she hated and killed. A nasty business. The Marquis thought so too. He departed in silent repugnance. Fineesh.

Strong stuff, played up for all it's worth. My profound felicitations to Miss Fay Compton. A spell-binding performance encompassing every octave in the pan-erotic scale.

"TRINCULO."



MR. NIGEL BRUCE

As Robert Brennan, the platonic Scot whose powers of perjury save the murderess from the electric chair

MISS ANNETTE BENSON AND MR. HARTLEY
POWER

As Rosie Walsh, the Dago's cast-off, and Madeleine's legal friend, whose informal cross-examination, with Rosie waiting outside to identify her rival, is a masterly example of the Third Degree

THE DAY'S

PLAY

The Passing
Show, Fishing
Days, and an
Echo of Golf



MOUNT AND MAN
Howard Barrett.

Lord Harrington, the nine-year-old son of the late Lord Harrington, M.F.H., with the pony which he showed in the children's riding class at Newark. There was a big entry for this event, the winner being Miss Peggy Pacey



Above: Lord Dalhousie trying to get in touch with a Black-water salmon at Careysville

Frank O'Brien
CATCH AS—

On the right: Miss Van Swinderen, the daughter of the Netherlands Minister, with her first fish, caught on the Maigue while she was staying at Adare Manor



—CATCH CAN IN IRELAND
McCarthy



AT MOOR PARK: MR. AND MRS. TOM WEBSTER LOOK ON



AT SANDWICH: SIR ERNEST AND LADY HOLDERNESS

The above snapshot was taken on the day the Walker Cup went west again. Sir Ernest Holderness, who won the English Championship in 1922 and 1924, struck a bad patch at Sandwich, and was overwhelmed in the Singles by Mr. Voigt. "Doug" has lately caught the golfing fever, and came over with the American team. He acted as steward in the Walker Cup contests, and subsequently competed at Sunningdale for the "Golf Illustrated" gold vase. Tom Webster and his American wife were looking on when Diegel beat Abe Mitchell by a putt in their spectacular match at Moor Park, and the famous cartoonist did not let such an excellent opportunity escape his pencil



LORD CASTLEROSSE AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

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HONOURS EASY!

By C. F. Bauer



SILVER A

From the picture by W. Russell I



ND GOLD

int, A.R.A., in this year's Academy

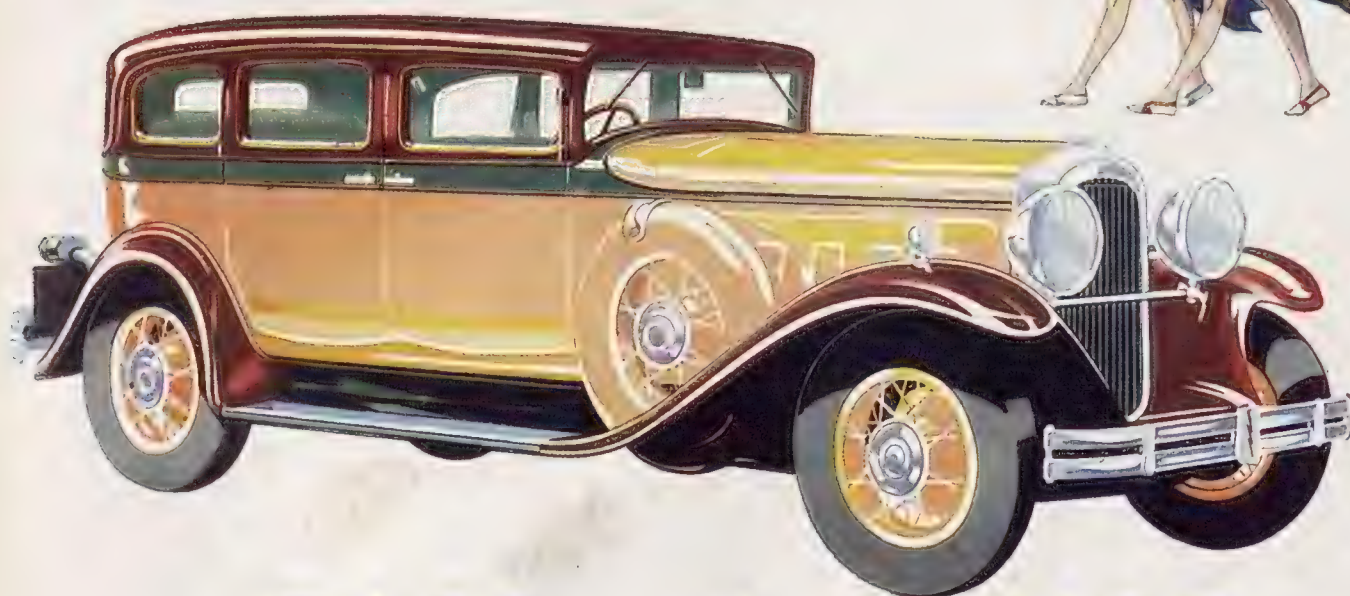
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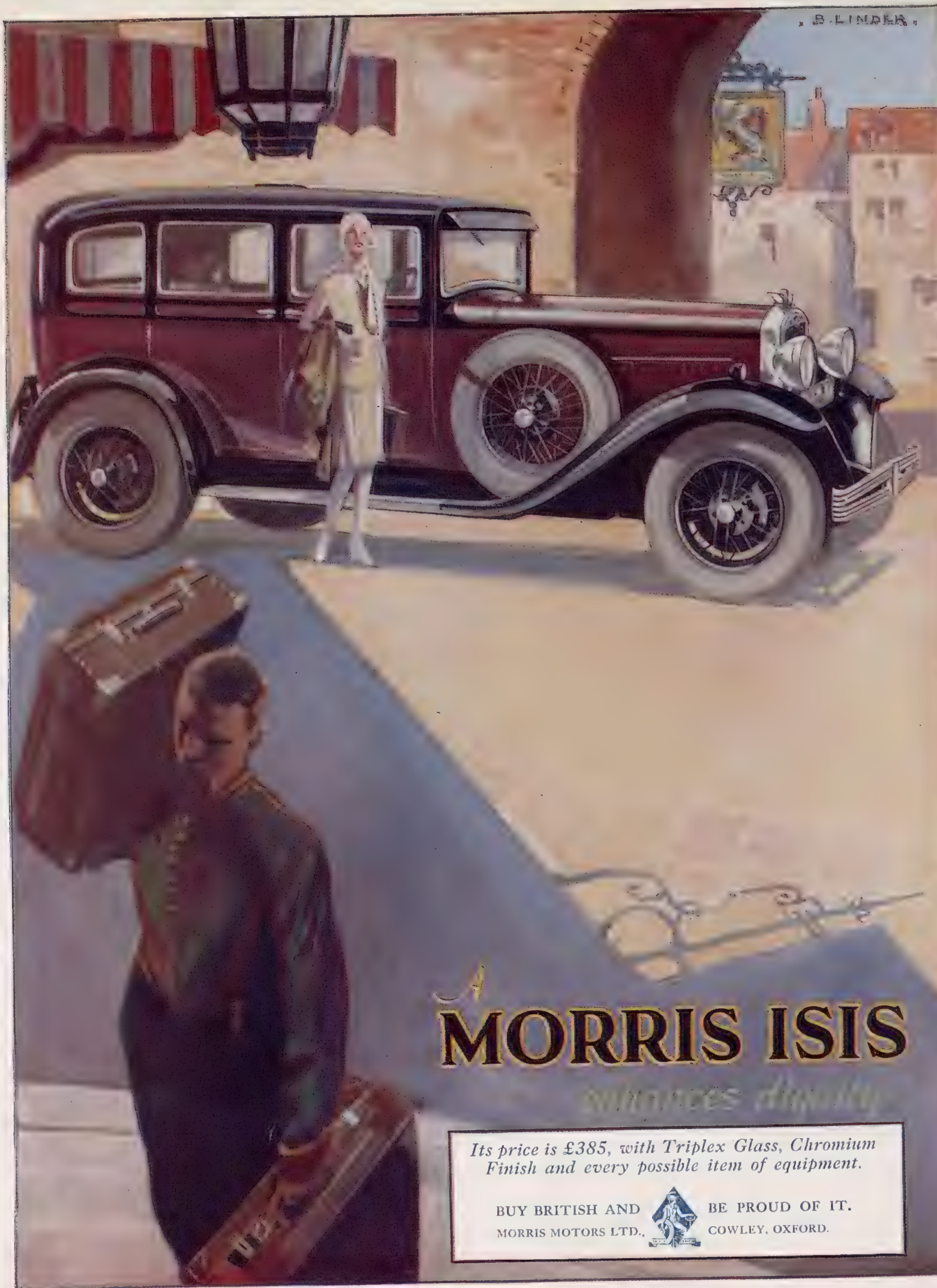
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By Mabel Lucie Attwell




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THREE OF THE FILM'S GREATEST



LON CHANEY

Who unfortunately is ill at the moment, complications having supervened on a tonsil operation. He was busy making his first talkie, "The Unholy Three," when he was first taken ill. It is probable that Lon Chaney may take a long holiday from screen work



LILLIAN GISH

It is extremely difficult to realize that pretty little Lillian Gish is thirty-four, for her doting public can never think of her and her sister as any older than they were as the two pathetic little figures in "Orphans of The Storm," "Broken Blossoms," in which Lillian was alone, and many other great film stories



NORMA SHEARER

Ruth Harriet Louise

The beautiful Canadian, whose newest picture is "Their Own Desires." Norma Shearer, who is quite one of the most fascinating actresses on the screen, was born in Montreal in 1903, and at first went on the regular stage, but made her film debut in 1921, since when she has never looked back

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF SPORT



LORD FAIRHAVEN, LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE, LADY WODEHOUSE,
AND MAJOR STAPLETON-BRETHERTON ON "JUBILEE" DAY



LADY BEAUMONT AND MR. STARKEY
WERE ALSO AT KEMPTON PARK



CAPTAIN RAMSDEN, M.F.H., AND MISS
WHARTON AT RUGBY HOUND SALES



H.H. PRINCESS XENIA OF
RUSSIA IN NEW YORK



THREE MORE AT KEMPTON: LORD HERBERT,
MR. ANDREW SCOTT AND LADY VICTORIA SCOTT

Three of these pictures are concerned with Kempton Park, where Mr. Mortimer Singer's Lucky Tor, carrying a 10-lb. penalty for his City and Suburban success, won the Great Jubilee Handicap, thereby repeating a feat only once previously achieved, and that as long ago as 1891. A very large crowd was present, and as everyone was anxious to get a close view of the fifteen participants in the big race, the vicinity of the parade ring provided a happy hunting ground for the sleuthing camera. Lady Buchanan-Jardine and Lady Wodehouse are always patterns of suitability in the matter of racing outfits, and two more personalities who were looking very well indeed were Lady Beaumont and Lady Victoria Scott. The latter, who was formerly Lady Victoria Haig, was married last August to Lord Herbert Scott's only son, the ceremony taking place at Mertoun, near Bemersyde. Captain Ramsden, one of the many Masters of Hounds to be seen at the Rugby Sales, has had the Atherstone for six seasons, and came from the Southwold. Princess Xenia of Russia, who is immensely popular in New York, was formerly the wife of Mr. William Leeds, but the marriage was dissolved not long ago. The Princess is the younger daughter of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke George Mikhailovitch of Russia



QUEEN MARIE OF JUGO-SLAVIA AND HER SONS

The Crown Prince Peter of Jugo-Slavia is five years old, and his youngest brother, Prince Andrey, only a few months. Recently the second son, Prince Tomislav, who is two and a half years old, had a miraculous escape from death. He wriggled free of his mother's arms while Her Majesty was standing in one of the balconies at Dedinje and was only saved by the presence of mind of a sentry on duty below, who rushed forward and caught him as he fell. King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia has very amply rewarded the sentry for his meritorious promptitude



Dennis Moss
THE SNOWBALLS WIN AT
CIRENCESTER

The team which won the Warrens Gorse Cup in the American Tournament. The names, left to right, are: Mr. G. R. Trotter, Mr. M. H. E. Lopes, Major R. L. McCreery, and Mr. R. L. Findlay

THE first two trial matches in connection with the formation of our International team may not have told us very much, but some of us think that the third one, played at Roehampton on the 17th, told us quite a lot. In it our proposed International team, with Mr. H. C. Walford put in No. 2 instead of Captain C. T. I. Roark, and playing as the Whites, was wiped out 12 to 5 by a team playing as the Greens, and made up of Mr. Sanford, Mr. G. Balding, Captain Roark, and his brother, Mr. Aidan Roark, in the order named. Mr. Sanford is doing very noble work in mounting trial teams on his own ponies to give our team some searching tests. Being an American he is not qualified to play for England, but there is a No. 1 who is, Captain R. George, and it would have added interest to this third trial if he had been the victorious Greens' No. 1. The inference to be drawn from this game is fairly obvious. A defeat by 12 to 5 is a rout:

In further compliance with the expressed desire of high authority that the Press should do what it can to popularize polo and make it as well-known to the English public as it is to the American one, I will endeavour to continue my efforts which I began about a fortnight ago. The names and short records of all the prominent people likely to be engaged in knocking our International team into shape have already been given, and some of the conundrums asked by people who had never until quite recently seen a game of polo have been answered. I think that anyone who may try to impart information always succeeds best and soonest if he pre-supposes that the person to whom it is desired to convey it knows literally nothing. It is the fact that to a pretty large section of the British public polo is a closed book. THE TATLER was guilty of no exaggeration when he made one of the people who ramble about his entertaining pages ask if it was not "crokay on 'orseback"! It isn't a bit like that—there are no hoops—it would make it far more exciting (certainly for the players) if there were, but there aren't! Also there are only two goals—one at each end. It would be more amusing perhaps if there were four, that is two at each side as well, as the onlooker might then see more fun! However, no one has thought of this so far. The length of a full-sized ground is 300 yards; the width, if boarded, 160 yards; if unboarded, as many grounds are, or were, in India, in the early

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

times, 200 yards. It was felt (in India) that a boarded ground would increase the strain on the ponies by keeping the ball in play longer, hence most of them were left unboarded.

While polo is totally unlike croquet, it is not unlike Association football—in principle—and as millions of people know all about Soccer, this I think may help them to get a general idea of the scheme of things where polo is concerned. Let us say that the No. 1 in a polo team represents the forward line of a Soccer team, No. 2 the half-back line, No. 3 the back line, and "back" the goal-keeper. When they played a big side at polo of five and sometimes six, the man we call the back-to-day was in actual fact called the goal-keeper. The general scheme of play is the same. The back division feeds the front

end, and if occasion serves may go away on a raid by itself, when in such case the No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3 as the case may be, fall in behind him—I take the instance of a back going off on a foray—and back him up. The centre-line game, that is to say, the attack on as straight a line down the centre of the field as is possible, is the one that pays best, because it is the shortest route to the goal. In defence the main object—as in Soccer—is to hit out to the side and endeavour to put the ball into the hands of some of your own shock troops, who will have fallen back in response to the enemy's forward movement, have turned with the ball, and be ready to swing round in a flash to take advantage of any shot by their own



Dennis Moss
SIR EDWARD DURAND AND MR. A. PRICE

Also at Cirencester last week during the Warrens Gorse Cup, presented by Mr. Price, who, skippered the Warrens. Sir Edward Durand was No. 1 for Chesterton

back division relieving the pressure. During this raid by the enemy the defenders will have also been doing their best to make the attacker miss his shot by riding him off the ball, hooking his stick, or hustling him. The same thing happens at Soccer when a man is charged. Sometimes it comes off, sometimes it doesn't; it depends so largely on the kind of start the attacker gets, and upon whether he is on something fast enough to give

(Continued on p. xiv)



LORD AND LADY DIGBY

At Hurlingham last week, where Lord Digby was playing No. 2 for the Grasshoppers, who, giving 1½ goals start to the Lifeguards A, were beaten 5½ to 5. Lord Digby is the ex-joint Master of the Cattistock

Now and Then

the way to complete comfort

Herbaceous hats, feather boas and whalebones no longer enmesh and encumber the fair ones of the land. Clothes are more comfortable than they were twenty-five years ago. That's definite. Nowadays we are free. Then, we were terribly constricted.

Yet even to-day we have not reached our goal of complete comfort. The majority of us are still wearing the same shaped shoes as they wore way back in the Edwardian era. Actual styles have of course changed enormously, yet the basic shape of almost all the present day shoes has remained the same. Now these old-fashioned shoes were never designed to conform to the ground plan of the natural, healthy foot. And the women of to-day who walk farther and faster than their mothers did before them, suffer in consequence from tired and aching feet. Luckily for them there is a modern shoe which will rescue their feet from all discomforts. This is the Cantilever Shoe which is made to conform to the soles of your foot. Like your foot, it has a straight inner line, which gives your toes a chance of maintaining their normal position. Ordinary shoes do not allow this. They push your big toes inwards to squeeze, crowd and cramp the other toes and make your walking a perfect misery. But remember there's a pair of Cantilevers waiting to help you. They are made for women, children and men in a wide range of sizes. Go along and get fitted to-day. It's worth it.

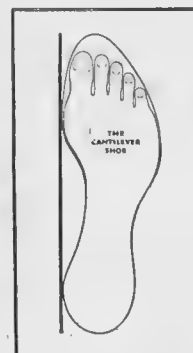
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This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural, distorting inner line.



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS.
GORDON COLMAN

After their recent wedding at the Savoy Chapel. Both the bride (who was Miss Peggy Brocklehurst) and the bridegroom are very well known in Leicestershire, and Lieut.-Colonel Colman is the joint-Master-elect of the Belvoir. Mrs. Gordon Colman is a sister of Lady Conyers

pupils of linking the last consonant of one word with the first vowel of the next one. This trick often makes them so difficult to follow. For instance, why should they say "Is not tit?" or "It is not good teenuf." Also I wonder if it would be a good thing or not to check a growing propensity to enrich our English prose by coining such words and misapplications as "aquedate," "promoxity," "impunious," "illeesive," "She's a nice kid but very emetic," "unilligible," "imbecillious," "allycone," "syllominous," "egregarious," "apoleptic," "postumious," "incompairable," "skoin" (of a noble race), "an un'oly schlemozzle amounting to a reg'lar emu": "bein' blinkin' well fed up. I 'ad a lay down on the bed," and I can't remember the rest which I have collected at various times. It may be, of course, that the people who have to subscribe towards the education expenses of other people's children as well as paying for the education of their own may think that the pastors and masters and mistresses ought not to permit these additions to our national tongue, and have every right to kick; but on the other hand look how ingenious some of these words are. They are all perfectly genuine.

Various signs of spring, and even of summer, are beginning to manifest themselves, and quite apart from such palpable evidence as the shorter time you remain wet after your morning dip as compared with the shivering periods of winter, and the statement by your gardener that your Rolls-Royce mowing-machine "had ought to have" its teeth sharpened because, as he says, it is fair tearing the grass on the lawn out by the roots (just as barbers quite often tear our hair out when they are chewing up the Guineas form and telling you what *they* think will win the Durby instead of attending

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

The battle in the Press which is in progress over the question of which is the better citizen, the Council Secondary or the "Ed. privately" young creature, appears to be reaching the razor-edge period. I do not personally know whence a lot of people who use the English language come, but whoever is responsible I think it would be a move in the right direction if some instructors or instructresses could manage to break their

to their business), the thing which Shakespeare called "the merry ring time" for some reason no sparring partner ever has understood, obviously is upon us. I gather this impression from the following news paragraph:

From Sheffield to Shoburyness, from Brighton to Glasgow, and from Liverpool to Windsor the sparring-partners are passing sacrificial days. Boxing-gloves are working overtime, and the reluctant too too solid flesh is being rigidly brought down to weight as per contract.

What a gladsome picture is this! "Sacrificial" is a word which goes straight to the solar plexus or "mark," and we are asked to believe that these unfortunate gentlemen are enjoying themselves! You and I grouse enough, Lord knows, if we have toothache or G.P.I. (great pain inside), but how ashamed we ought to feel if ever we give one moment's thought to what these poor persons have to suffer. Figure to yourself a nose no handkerchief (or any other device) will blow—successfully; teeth that are so loose that they cannot masticate a meringue; lips so fat that whistling is impossible and even drinking a penance. And yet how often do we not see photographs of these very gallant gladiators with broad grins on their faces? It is only the very few like "Demp" and "Joe" and "Primo" who get taken with that "Hop-it-or-I'll-bite-you" look, which is rated such a great asset against a temperamental opponent. Could you or I do this Forhan's act if our mouth felt like a well-pulped orange and one of our eyes was like an over-ripe peach, or one which had been bitten by wasps?

Here is another news item which is distinctly heartening:

The police in Mexico City thought that Benito Hernandez, a notorious cat



Dennis Moss

AT TIDWORTH: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, MAJOR F. MITCHELL, AND MAJOR T. J. LONGWORTH

With the Gloucestershire Hussars, of which the Duke is the hon. colonel. Major Mitchell is the acting colonel



Dennis Moss

LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. TURNER, MRS. LONGWORTH, AND LORD APSLEY

Another snapshot at the Gloucestershire Hussars' camp at Tidworth. Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., is a major in the regiment

burglar, had reformed. Although burglaries still went on, Hernandez was always at home when the police called. Then they made a discovery. Hernandez had trained a monkey to do his burglaries for him and bring the haul home. And Hernandez was sent to prison again. The monkey, found guilty of being a confederate, is in a zoo.

It beats me how they knew which one to send to the zoo; but the police, in whatever country you find them, are the most wonderfully discerning persons.

(Continued on p. xviii)

JOY



DEMEYER

When are you most alive?...In your moments of joy • In the lovely enchantment you knew as a child...the spiral, bubbling thing which made you leap and run in the wind and laugh without reason • In the bright magic of love, kindling you wholly alive • In the exaltation which comes from work well-done • These are the moments which stretch up out of the level of your days like mountain peaks and are more significant to your life than years of ordinary existence • Joy of being. Joy of doing • You may achieve all things you set your heart upon, but if you walk your way joylessly, without delight, you live only on the edge of life • For however little we know of life...what it is, what it is for...this we have learned...that it is better to conquer imperfection, not with strain and despair, but with a joyous courage

It is inevitable that Elizabeth Arden who has devoted her life to the creation of beauty where beauty was not, who has brought joy into the lives of thousands of women, should be the first to distil a perfume so buoyant that only to catch a

breath of it lifts your mood into sparkling delight. La Joie d'Elizabeth...the perfume of delight • As reverie is the aftermath of Joy, so Miss Arden's fragrance of dreams follows "La Joie." It is called "Le Reve." You will be captivated by it!

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, the well-known actor, tells the following war-time story:

"A certain lady was asked by her butler if he could have the following day off as he had to go to Buckingham Palace to receive a war decoration. She of course gave her consent with pleasure, and gave him permission to use her car. As an afterthought she decided to accompany him. The next day they set off, and James duly presented his card to the policeman on duty at the gates of the Palace, who scrutinized it and said: 'But this card only admits one.' 'Yes,' said James, 'but this is my mistress.' The policeman smiled broadly. 'I can't help that, sir,' he replied, 'this is Buckingham Palace, not Gin Palace.'"

During the war a man had occasion to call at the Food Office about some infringement of the law, and had some difficulty in finding the particular department dealing with his business. After much searching he entered a room where there were two ladies, neither very young nor very good-looking. "Are you the Oils and Fats?" asked the man. "No," said one of the ladies, "we are the Dried Fruits."

Mrs. Green was just engaging a new maid. Before explaining the duties to the girl, she thought she would first inquire into her family.

"By the way," she said, "I don't know your name yet."

"My name is Miss Parsons," replied the girl.

"But you don't expect me to call you Miss Parsons?" said the mistress in surprise.

"Certainly not, ma'am," was the reply; "I have an alarm clock."

The after-dinner speaker had been talking for quite a while, and the diners were praying for him to wind up. "Gentlemen," he said at length, "did you ever stop to think? I ask you again, did you ever stop to think?"

A weary listener could bear it no longer. "Did you ever think to stop?" he inquired.



MISS MARJORIE MARS

Yvonne Gregory

Who plays the part of Jolanthe, the heroine who is the cause of all the trouble in "Insult," the play of the Dutch East Indies, in which they execute the hero, and so run dead counter to the customary happy ending. Miss Marjorie Mars is a niece of the late Miss Gwennie Mars, one of the original Pelissier Follies

Two brothers were in business, and things had been going very badly, and they decided to hold a conference on the matter. After going carefully through the books, getting gloomier and gloomier, one said: "Well, old man, there's only one thing for it—a burglary."

The other looked very thoughtful. "What's the matter with a simple old-fashioned fire?" he asked.

"Well," said the first, "I think a burglary is safer. If the insurance people refuse to pay up we don't lose anything."

Pat and Perry were walking in their native country, and asked how

far it was to Ballymoney. "Sure, and it's a distance of about four miles," was the reply. After walking another five miles or so, they asked again. "Well," replied the native, "I should say it would be a matter of about four miles." After trudging some more weary miles, they asked a man working by the roadside how far he thought they had still to go. The man scratched his head, and after some thought replied, "I'm thinking that if you kape on for another four miles, sor, you'll come to Ballymoney." At this one of the travellers said to his friend, "Well, Terry, thank God we seem to be houldin' our own!"

Mrs. and Mrs. Nouveau-Riche were walking round the garden of their new mansion, and in the course of their peregrinations they came to a sun-dial. "My dear," said the lady of the house, "do ask the gardener to have that moved near the house. I think it should be by the french windows so that we can see the time at night."

The husband had just eaten a terribly-cooked cake. "I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookery book," said the wife, apologetically. "You did quite right, darling," said her husband, tactfully; "it never should have got in there."



Bertram Park

THE PRINCESS EMELINE DE BROGLIE

The beautiful daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes by her first marriage to Prince Jean de Broglie. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is a daughter of the 4th Duc Decazes. Princess Emeline de Broglie was presented at the second Court by Madame de Fleuriau, the wife of the French Ambassador

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PERFUME WITH
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GRANT, MORE LUXU-
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Arthur Owen

AT THE LYMINGTON Y.C. REGATTA

Miss Oliphant, Mr. Oliphant, the Hon. Mrs. Brownlow, and Captain H. E. Sullivan just come ashore from one of the boats competing in the West Solent Restricted Classes at Lymington. The Hon. Mrs. Brownlow is a sister-in-law of Lord Lurgan and the wife of the Hon. Francis Brownlow, who has a house at Lymington

Free-wheelery.

As a convinced believer in the free-wheel principle for motor-cars (which is supported by exactly the same logical reasoning as applies to the free-wheel push-bike), I am glad indeed to see that one of the firms which specialize in this form of contrivance has had the hardihood to submit it to a test by the Royal Automobile Club, the results of which are, so far as they go, very excellent indeed. Or, at all events, they demonstrate that the claims that have been made for the particular device in question—the De Lavand free-wheel differential—are incontrovertibly supported by fact. On a representative run over give-and-take country, 19'2 per cent. of the journey in a Riley Nine was free-wheeled. The route from the R.A.C. to Northleach, on the Cheltenham road, is by no means hilly, and there are, no doubt, many parts of the country in which better figures could have been obtained. But that is neither here nor there. Anybody who has any experience of free-wheelery could have predicted the sort of thing that would happen, and the only thing we have wondered at is that those who promised what now turns out to be quite reasonable did not earlier take an opportunity of getting proof—official, authoritative, and unquestionable—that it was so. For my own part I would like to see the R.A.C. carry out a petrol-consumption test on two similar cars from Land's End to John o' Groats, one with a free-wheel and one without, then swap the engines over for the return journey, the two cars to keep as close as possible together both out and home. For it does not follow that if you "coast" 19'2 per cent. of a given run, you only save 19'2 per cent. of petrol. You may economize the juice to a much bigger extent than that, and to a still bigger extent you may save in that costly commodity—lubricating oil. Tyres, too, you undoubtedly save, but the measurement of this factor would involve so many thousands of miles' running that an official test of this aspect of the matter is quite unthinkable in these days of general hard-up-ness. Mr. Gregory of the Technical Department of the R.A.C. has reason enough to regard me as a thorn in his flesh. Occupying as I do—etc., etc.—I am constantly having

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON.

contraptions and contrivances thrust in front of me, not infrequently with the suggestion that out of the goodness of my heart, or the fullness (save the mark!) of my friends' pockets I should finance their exploitation. My answer is invariable: "There is only one organization is whose opinion I repose any trust. That is the R.A.C. Submit your scheme to them for *their* test. Then come back, and we will have speech the one with the other." Sometimes they go and worry Mr. Gregory—whose business it is to be worried—but more often they don't. And at all events they rarely come back. During the last six years no less than five makers of petrol-economizing gadgets have politely appealed to me to tell the world about their marvellous inventions. I have told them that if Mr. Gregory of the R.A.C. will endorse their claims I will give them acres of publicity, free, gratis, and for nix. In no case have I heard a single word more of the matter. Nor, I imagine, has Mr. Gregory.

You cannot throw sand in his eyes for the good reason that he wears large and impressive spectacles. Now I am not quite sure what line to take about these affairs. I don't even know whether the R.A.C. want to be always testing new devices, and exposing their futility. Perhaps it will not thank me for suggesting that promoters of new ideas should go first to Pall Mall. But nevertheless I will lay a shade of odds that the motoring public will second that motion, for if there is one thing in the world in which it has implicit belief—and rightly so—it is the R.A.C. So now you pushful folk who expect us writers to boost your products upon your naked word, take the hint and the lift to the second floor of the R.A. club-house.

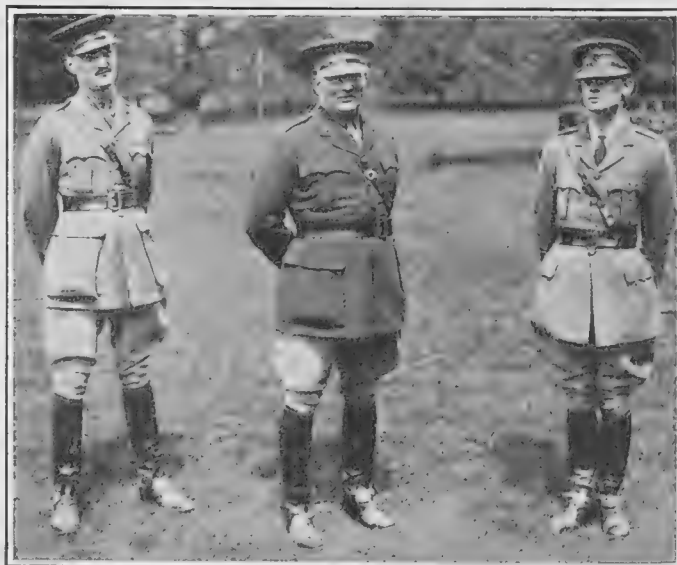
(Continued on p. xxiv)



Arthur Owen

LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. HENRY GUEST

Who was competing in the races for the West Solent Restricted Classes at the Lymington Yacht Club Regatta. The Hon. Henry Guest is a brother of Lord Wimborne and was formerly in the Royals



Truman Howell

WITH THE SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY

The commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel H. R. Pettit (centre) and (left) 2nd Lieut. R. W. Corbett and 2nd Lieut. Hulton Harrop at Attingham Park, Lord Berwick's seat, where the regiment is in camp. Colonel Pettit served in the War with the Shropshire Yeomanry and with the Imperial Camel Corps and was mentioned in despatches

A MILE-LONG WINDING ROAD up BIRDLIP HILL

*yet this car takes it
ALL IN TOP—
even the last steep slope!*

STEEP hills—even in town! . . . Blind turns and hidden approaches—even in the country! . . . And more and more cars on the road every day to complicate the traffic problem! . . .

As a result you must change gear so often, in driving most cars, that you learn to do it almost automatically.

Nevertheless, no matter how expert you become, this frequent gear-changing consumes, each time, just so much physical effort—so much mental effort!

That is why, when you drive this "top-gear car"—the Buick, you are so amazed. For the Buick can go practically anywhere *in top gear*—easily, swiftly, with power to spare! You *can* change down as often as you wish, of course. But actually, except to start, you rarely need to touch the gear-lever in this famous car!

In the thick of traffic, or for a dangerous turn, you can throttle it down, in top gear, to 5 m.p.h. or less. Yet the second you want speed the power is there for you—this car can leap from 10 m.p.h. to 40 in just 12 seconds in top. . . .

Even when your speed is slowed at the foot of a hill or part way up for a sharp turn, even then you can do the average steep slope in top—and gain speed as you climb. . . . Read above the map at the right how the Buick, with three men passengers, goes up Birdlip Hill in Gloucestershire *without a change down*. No chance for a running start! A long, twisting climb that quickly baffles most cars.

Then ask your nearest Buick dealer to lend you a Buick to drive. Put it through its paces to your own satisfaction. Try it in traffic, on hills that require your present car to drop into second or first . . .

Try it out at 70 m.p.h.—more if you like. See how absolute your safety is, due to the new brakes—internal-expanding, Duo-Servo, on all four wheels. Notice how easily the comfortable, roomy body rides because of the new double-acting, hydraulic Lovejoy shock-absorbers and semi-elliptic springs.

Prices from £485 to £695. (All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.)

See the Marquette, too, lower in price, smaller and lighter than the Buick. The saloon is only £335.

Write for detailed specification to General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9.

THIS well-known hill is five miles from Gloucester on the Cirencester road . . . Most motorists must change down before they reach its crest; many must go into first gear for that last steepest climb when the gradient becomes 1-in-6 $\frac{3}{4}$. . . But the Buick—with a starting speed of only 40 m.p.h.—with three men in the car—soars easily up the ascent, 28 m.p.h. for the first bend . . . 29 for

the next . . . 15 for the third. Then it accelerates swiftly to 22 for that last steepest slope—and it takes the crest at an effortless 12 (a dangerous fork in the road makes a higher speed unsafe). **ALL** the way up **IN TOP** in the Buick!



The 1930 Buick—a Pullman 7-passenger Limousine—climbing Birdlip Hill IN TOP GEAR.

BUICK

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Well Won: Mr. J.W. White, captain of Formby, presenting the Open Championship Cup to Miss Diana Fishwick after her famous victory

IF anybody had told me a week ago that I should be sitting down to-day to congratulate Miss Diana Fishwick on beating Miss Glenna Collett in the thirty-six holes final of the Open Championship at Formby, I should certainly have smiled incredulously, might have laughed, perhaps even have indulged in a few facetious "go h'ons." But the thing has happened, and here we are wondering how and why, and everybody you meet has only one greeting, "Do tell me all about the final at Formby. It must have been thrilling. Isn't Miss Fishwick wonderful?" Having subscribed to both the last two sentiments, I try to tell them as succinctly as possible how Miss Fishwick's confidence stood her in splendid stead; how she has lengthened (and perhaps Miss Collett has grown a little shorter), so that anything the American could gain from the tee or with the seconds was negligible; how Miss Fishwick putted well and poor Miss Collett very badly—judged by high championship standards; how amazing it was



Another Sister Act: Miss Kitty Beard (right), winner of the Dorset Championship, with Miss Mary Beard, the runner-up. They are both members of Firdown, which for four successive years has produced the county champion



Mrs. Johnston (left), captain of Somerset, and Mrs. Robinson, captain of Devon. Somerset beat Devon when they met at Saunton

of Miss Fishwick not only to get such a lead, but to keep her head when it began to dwindle; how perhaps Miss Collett was worn out with beating Miss Gourlay, Miss Cameron, Miss Wilson (a bigger trio than had been Miss Fishwick's lot), so that those three had done their bit for England too; how it was very hard lines on Miss Collett to go down when she must have thought she

EVE AT GOLF

Final Scenes
in the "Open"

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

was really past all the big snags, but how charmingly she took her beating. Then we end up by congratulating ourselves that the cup has not taken a sea trip, express some wonder as to the future of Miss Fishwick, and breathe a pious wish that she will live up to the great responsibilities which are now hers—a wish which, judging by the splendid way she played the final, may well come true.

And then we drift off and recount instead how we took a miserable 7 somewhere. We are all players first and watchers afterwards, say what you will.

However, there was any amount of great



Miss Mabel Wragg, champion of Yorkshire for the sixth time, receiving congratulations from Miss Platts, the runner-up

golf at Formby between this time last week and that mighty final which must be compressed into small compass and recounted here. First and foremost that 21st-hole win of Miss Collett's from Miss Gourlay. In the first disappointment of it one was inclined perhaps to think that Miss Gourlay had been a shade unlucky not to repeat her Sunningdale success and that the gallant way she fought, particularly with that chip dead at the 19th and that mighty long putt at the 20th, deserved the match. But at the mighty interval of one whole week, indeed even after a few hours, the truth seems to be that *because* Miss Gourlay was fighting gallantly for halves, and having to do these heroic things to save the match, therefore Miss Collett did more thoroughly deserve the match. Except for a couple of holes early in the round the American champion was never down; she was, in fact, just very slightly, by the breadth of a hair or two, top dog throughout that match. Out in 37 to Miss Gourlay's 38, the pair of them home in 42, the 19th and 20th halved in 4's, the 21st won by her with a couple of shots to spare, yes, though it grieves one's British soul to say it, Miss Collett won that match because she deserved it, and because Miss Gourlay until the 14th hole had not found her touch on the greens. Everything else seemed a little bit stale and flat that day in comparison, or we should no doubt have taken considerable note of Miss Fishwick's win from Miss Van Wie, and young Miss Sylvia Bailey's from Dr. Marion Alexander at the 19th.

The next morning was memorable for Miss Enid Wilson's glorious golf against Miss Helen Hicks, who may yet be America's chief hope some day. Miss Wilson had been doing great things before that, witness going out in 34 against Miss Dampney, but considering the international flavour of playing Miss Hicks, Miss Wilson's 35 against the latter was even finer golf. Miss Hicks, playing shot for shot with Miss Wilson, though a trifle shorter than she for all she is called "hard-hitting"

(Continued on p. xxx)

AN OLD FAVOURITE WILL SOON BE BACK



As the favourite symbol of the gaiety of London one gladly anticipates the return of Eros and his fountain—they delight the eye. When it comes to providing real refreshment, however, Eros would be the first to appreciate the sparkle of



“Schweppe” THE ORIGINAL SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPES CIDER—GINGER ALE—GINGER BEER—
TONIC WATER—LEMON SQUASH—ORANGE SQUASH—ETC.

Two Went Travelling

By PETER DACK



"Cass leapt to his feet"

THERE was nothing in the appearance of the young man in the corner seat which could have prepared Denver C. Cass for the incredible remark which was forthcoming. From the top of his smooth head to the soles of his shoes he was that most normal of all human beings, an Englishman of the leisured class. His tweeds were irreproachable, his tie was the tie affected by old boys of a famous public school, and the aloof impoliteness of his bearing was perfectly adapted to his circumstances, which were precisely those of an Englishman travelling with a foreigner. Yet to the American's amazement he heard himself addressed.

"I say, I am going to commit suicide from this carriage in a half-hour or so."

To this day Denver C. Cass has not succeeded in discovering whether the nature of the remark or the mere fact of being addressed surprised him most.

"Pardon?" he inquired, playing for time.

The young man scowled.

"Suicide—in a half-hour or so. If you have any objection you'd better have an iced soda, or whatever it is Americans steady upon."

Denver could not but consider this advice offensive. He was about to say so when a further remark reached him.

"Hear what I said? Suicide!"

There was no getting away from the word, and in the American's mind grew a conviction that this boy meant what he said. Automatically he reached for his cigar case.

"Damn it," he reflected anxiously, "I'm booked for an hour's journey with a lunatic. I'd better humour him if I can."

He rose and moved into the corner opposite the stranger.

"Suicide!" he said amiably. "Well, say, that would be foolish."

The young man waved that aside impatiently.

"Suicide!" he insisted. "Hunter's bridge—viaduct—one hundred and fifty feet to fall—exit!"

Denver's pink face grew troubled.

"Come now," he began soothingly.

But a fierce gesture silenced him. The young man's scowling gaze seemed to take him piece by piece; horn-rimmed spectacles, grey flannel suit, low cut brown Oxfords, snap-brimmed grey trilby. Then he shrugged offensively.

"You're an American. You don't understand."

This was to play Denver on familiar ground. His grey eyes twinkled delightedly.

"Sure I don't," he chuckled. "Ever since I landed at Southampton I've been told that. Why the other night in the Ritz cocktail bar a fellow handed me that remark when I said that a Socialist peer was a contradiction. Look here, I put it to you. A Socialist lord —"

"Who the hell," snapped his *vis-à-vis*, "is talking about Socialist peers?"

Kindness of heart and a consciousness of speeding minutes impelled the American to another attempt. He reverted to the main question.

"Well, suppose I don't understand. Wouldn't it help you to get your trouble off your chest. I knew a man once —"

"Did you?" snapped the young man rudely.

Denver flushed angrily. That, he thought, was the blamed limit. Offensive young pup. He drew the "New York Herald" towards him and opened it. Before attempting its perusal he eyed his companion up and down.

"Suicide," he sneered. "You go ahead with it. Better you suicide than me murder."

That crushing, if ungrammatical, sarcasm failing in effect, he retired behind the "Herald" and tried to concentrate upon the

(Continued on p. xx)

BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.



The important points about H. and M. Rayne's shoes are that they are perfectly cut and Fashion's latest suggestions are mirrored in them. Doeskin strapped with plain kid and water snake is present in the model on the left, while python and glacé share honours in the low Oxford shoes

A decidedly new note is struck by H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street, in the shoes on the left; they are of blue glacé kid with insertions of woven leather in which two shades of blue and beige are present. Tan calf and white doeskin are happily united in the model on the right. (See p. ii)

The Highway of Fashion : By M. E. BROOKE

Modes for the London Season.

LOOKING at the fashions for the London season at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, one is struck with the clever manner in which they have provided for the requirements of women who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. They showed me three distinct representative types; needless to say there are many hundreds to be studied; as in these days there is a certain anxiety about money, I am permitted to state the price—18 guineas is the cost of the first *chef d'œuvre* to step into the arena. It is carried out in printed chiffon, not the usual kind smothered all over with a pattern; it has sheaf bouquets

of cornflowers, poppies, and daisies strewn over its delicate primrose-tinted surface; there



It is from John Wight and Co., 86, George Street, Edinburgh, that this outfit comes. The kilt is of all-wool hand-woven Saxony, the jacket of face cloth, and the jumper of wool. (See p. ii)

is a suggestion of a train, it barely touches the ground; a sheaf bouquet pointing upwards centres it. Lace is introduced with artistic discretion for decorative purposes; the scheme is completed with the ubiquitous cape with scarf collar enriched with lace. Without the coat it is an ideal evening dress.

The Importance of Black.

The second *chef d'œuvre* is carried out in black lace and chiffon; there are narrow panels of the latter fabric springing from the neck-line; they are such a help to the figure; the short black coat is reinforced with a white fur collar with ermine tails. This is a poor description of a very beautiful dress, of which the cost is 23 guineas; as a matter of fact it is really a mass of intricate workmanship that cannot be described in words. The last of the trio is of black georgette, and is destined for a tall, dignified woman; the back of the corsage as well as the skirt have wing draperies which suggest a waterfall; there are insertions, gores, and other complicated notes that give to the figure the much-to-be-desired svelte effect; the coat has a handsome collar and cuffs of real ermine. This model is 32 guineas. There are few of the Season's functions at which it may not be appropriately worn. Everyone who visits Peter Robinson's salons must make a point of seeing a black dress accompanied by a snow-white full-length crêpe de chine coat; there is an abbreviated floating cape at the back. It is simple and ever so smart.

A Long, Straight Cape.

Another triumph of the dressmaker's art that is sure to be seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot is carried out in a new shade of brown chiffon; it is enriched with lace tinted a deep beige nuance; the arrangement of it is marvellously becoming; it is an integral part of the dress; this increases its fascination. With it is seen a perfectly straight, long cape that falls from the shoulders; the brim of the shady

(Cont. on p. ii)



There is much to please in this simple artificial silk voile frock; it comes from Netta's pleasant salons, 166, Victoria Street, S.W., where it is accompanied by a variety of others. (See p. ii)

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Seston-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

HARRIET

NEW YORK

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LONDON

AYER

PARIS

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

hat which completes the scheme is composed of layers of chiffon. A very pretty dress for a debutante is carried out in printed chiffon; here again the design is original; of it one may become the possessor for 13 guineas; it has an inserted swathed yoke below the normal waist-line which gives to the hips the much-to-be-desired neat appearance, while the little coatee is finished with pendant ends which may be arranged in a variety of ways.

The Vogue for Printed Chiffon.

Naturally there are far less expensive frocks at Peter Robinson's that may be worn at fashionable events; there are ensembles from 10½ guineas, and then there are little frocks for 6, 7, and 8 guineas; many of them are expressed in printed crêpe de chine or chiffon; some are suitable for the elder woman and some for the younger, while the requirements of those of generous proportions have received the utmost consideration. In the Inexpensive Department there are frocks with coatees and fronts of a contrasting colour for 98s.; they are available in a variety of materials. All interested in the subject must write for the new catalogue as well as for the one devoted to shoes, as they are mines of information regarding the season's fashions. They will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Poise and Balance.

The shady hat is very attractive, nevertheless it must be endowed with poise and balance, otherwise it becomes a very troublesome accessory. Liberty's, Regent Street, W., have solved the problem of creating large hats that are forgotten the moment they are on the head. A client chooses a lovely Parisian model; it is not quite comfortable; an artist in the work then cleverly moulds the crown to the head and imparts to the brim that unique poise and balance that is so essential. Furthermore they have "crinoline" hoods in all the colours that matter; these are converted into veritable triumphs of the milliner's art to suit the prospective wearers. Needless to say that is a new departure with this firm on which they are to be warmly congratulated. And the models that have come hot-foot from Paris, their charm must be seen to be appreciated. Standing out with prominence was one of black crinoline strewn with quite large chenille spots. The brim is of the halo persuasion, but if desired could be converted into a blinker.

Hats for Travelling.

No one must leave the Liberty salons without seeing the travelling and country hats. For instance there are simple lawn hats with a neat little brim for 29s. 6d.; they are stitched all over, while those of printed linen, the brim lined with plain, are 49s. 6d.; and then there are the new straw hats trimmed with ribbon for 21s. 9d. A few words must be said about the fur-felt hats, as they are available in all the fashionable colours for 25s. 9d. Nothing could be smarter than the featherweight fur-felt turbans for

55s. 9d.; they are becomingly draped to the head. As no amount of hard wear seems to have a deleterious effect on them they are ideal for travelling. This firm would gladly send their illustrated folder on application.

The Importance of Footwear.

Although dresses are longer, this does not signify that footwear may be neglected, as the leaders of fashion are paying more attention to it than ever. All

wishing to know all about the newest ideas in this respect must visit H. and M. Rayne's salons, 58, New Bond Street, W. To them must be given the credit of the models illustrated on p. 430. The one on the extreme left is of doeskin strapped with plain kid and water snake; they are 65s. per pair. Low-cut Oxford shoes are seen next to it in which glacé and python share honours; they are 70s. per pair. 57s. 6d. per pair is the cost of the white doeskin and tan calf model. Then too much cannot be said in favour of the Beverne shoes next to them for 63s. per pair. They are of blue glacé kid with insertions of woven leather; two shades of blue and beige are present in the weaving. In these days of the vogue for matching it will be no matter for surprise to learn that there are bags *en suite*.

Inexpensive Frocks for Summer Days.

Everyone must admit that the prices that prevail at Netta's, 166, Victoria Street, S.W. (opposite the Underground Railway Station), are more than moderate; even a casual glance through the catalogue—sent gratis and post free—will convince the most sceptic of this fact. For instance, the remarkably pretty artificial silk voile dress portrayed is only 42s. 6d. It can be made to measure for 5s. 6d. extra according to size. Afternoon dresses of printed crêpe de chine enriched with frills are 4½ guineas, and for 5 guineas there are some reinforced with collar, vest, and cuffs of beige georgette. Unique value is present in the evening dresses of fine lace with underslip of crêpe de chine for £5 5s. Reversible artificial satin is likewise used for many of these inexpensive frocks.

North of the Tweed.

Everyone who goes to Edinburgh must make a point of visiting John Wight and Co.'s (86, George Street) salons; should they not be going north of the Tweed then they must write for the illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. They are responsible for the outfit pictured on p. 430. It consists of a kilt for £4 19s. 6d., a kilt jacket for £4 4s., the scheme being completed with a jumper for 16s. 6d.; should a Shetland jumper be chosen then the cost is 22s. 6d. The kilt is made of an all-wool hand-woven Saxony and the coat may be of cloth or velveteen. Furthermore there are inexpensive skirts carried out in hand-woven Tartan Saxony for £2 2s.; they are of the wrap-over character and are finished with fringe at the left side. For 13s. 6d. there are checked tweed skirts finished with a suède belt, and as a consequence they may appropriately be worn with tuck-in blouses.

A Correction.

It is to be regretted that in a recent issue of this paper Mrs. Adair's (the well-known beauty specialist) address was incorrectly given. It should have been 30, Old Bond Street, W.



This lovely dress was worn by Mrs. John F. Phillips at Their Majesty's First Court. It was designed and carried out by Goringe's in the Buckingham Palace Road. The fabricating medium is parchment-tinted satin. The train is lined with gold and green lamé and is embroidered in a wheaten design; the entire scheme is trimmed with old

Honiton lace. The fan is green, to match the emerald jewellery

THE THREE HALVES OF WHOLESOMENESS



$\frac{1}{2}$ a tumbler of water



$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of Milton



$\frac{1}{2}$ hour while you dress

will keep your false teeth spotless, germ-free—your mouth clean and wholesome—ALL DAY LONG

MILTON

CLEANS FALSE TEETH

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

FOOTWEAR COMFORT

A Pertinent Question.

A question of the hour is, "How can the feet of women—as well as men—have free play in every muscle and movement and yet remain trim and neat?" And the answer is, "By wearing Cantilever shoes." Even on the hottest day, when the ground is covered with cobbles, they allow all and sundry to walk in comfort. The mountain side has no fears for those who pin their faith on this perfect footwear. The graceful contour of the foot is preserved, the great toe is never forced out of position, and as a consequence it does not cramp and pinch the other toes. Again, they fit snugly round the heel; this gives support to the ankles.

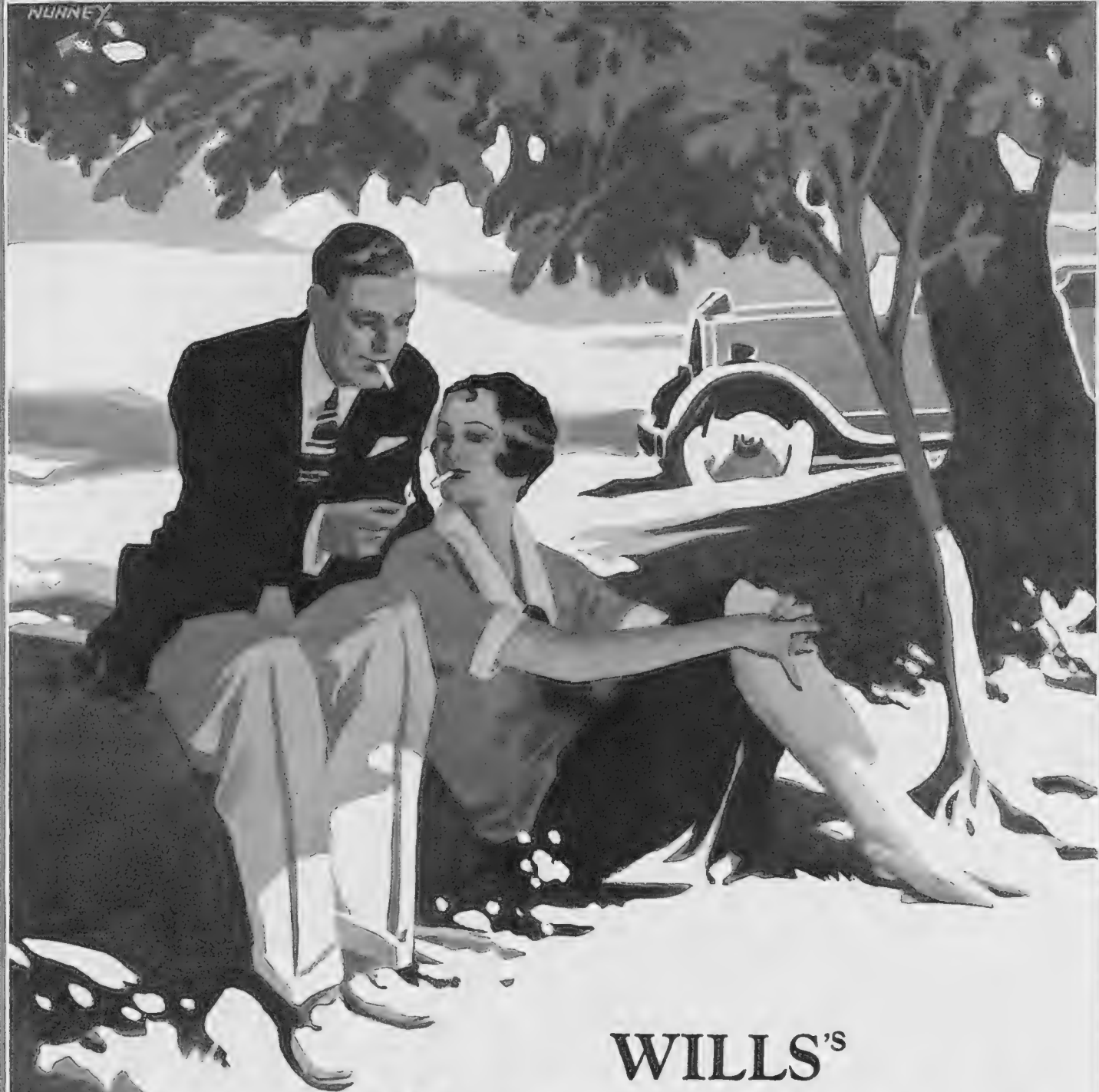
The Arch of the Foot Supported.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the special Cantilever springing of the leather gives the arch of the foot the necessary support. No rigid-arch shoe could fit every pair of feet correctly; no matter in how many sizes it were made these shoes fit every pair of feet correctly.

Shoes for All Occasions.

It is sometimes overlooked that there are Cantilever shoes for all occasions—not only for country wear. For the evening there are models of black satin with pump soles, and for town and fashionable races there are similar models expressed in black glacé kid. For country wear are the alligator shoes on the left of this page; facing them are a pair of Oxford shoes which are available in tan and glacé kid and willow calf. The other Oxford shoes illustrated are excellent for wear on the link; they are reinforced with leather laces. As there are some who prefer bar shoes, a pair is illustrated on the right. In the centre there is a pair of light walking shoes, they are carried out in several leathers. The Cantilever shoes are sold by the Coventry Shoe Company, Coventry Street, as well as other high-class shoemakers.

BLAKE



NURNEY

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY

*The value
is in the Cigarettes*

REGIMENTAL POLO AT TIDWORTH



MR. P. W. SYKES, MR. R. E. FIELD-MARSHAM AND (left) A. N. OTHER



MAJOR J. J. KINGSTONE



MAJOR R. L. MCCREERY AND CAPTAIN J. G. TIARKS

The cavalry are hard at it at Tidworth putting in a bit of battle-practice for this year's Inter-Regimental, the final of which is played at Hurlingham on July 5. Major Kingstone is in the Queen's Bays, who went into the final again last year and were beaten 6—2 by the 17/21 Lancers. Captain Tiarks, who got a bad smack in the face with a ball last week, is in the K.D.G's, and Major McCreery in the 12th Lancers. Mr. Sykes and Mr. Field-Marsham are in the Bays, but not in the team—yet



POPE & BRADLEY

Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON-W.
SOUTHAMPTON ROW
and MANCHESTER



THE House of Pope and Bradley consists of three distinctive and individual establishments. No. 14, Old Bond Street, with its classical architecture and unique reception rooms, is probably the most famous tailoring shop in the world.

In the early years of the present century the reputation acquired by the firm was such that expansion became imperative. The Central London branch at 11-13, Southampton Row, W.C.1, was opened in 1908, and the Provincial branch at 1-3, St. Ann's Square, Manchester, was opened in 1920. Both of these businesses are eminently successful.

All three establishments are run on precisely the same system. The same exclusively designed materials are shown, the finest linings are used, and every suit is sewn throughout by hand by expert craftsmen. The style is the same, because the cutters at both branches are men of proven ability who have graduated at the parent House in Bond Street.

Southampton Row, in the twenty years of its existence, has built up a splendidly solid clientèle, replenished each year by the fruits of personal recommendation. Its central position, with its spacious and artistically appointed premises, is a boon to the busy man. It is within five minutes from the City, and is only a few minutes from the Law Courts. This convenience is appreciated by the Stock Exchange, the Legal Profession, and by members of the various great City Houses in the immediate vicinity.

The Manchester branch occupies a wonderful position at the entrance of the new Royal Exchange. It was opened ten years ago, when that magnificent building was completed, and is now acknowledged to be the first tailoring house in the North of England. The growth of business has been rapid and continual, despite the severe depression which Lancashire has undergone. Each year has shown phenomenal development, and the turn-over for 1930 already shows an increase of 18 per cent. on the corresponding period of 1929. This somewhat amazing success is entirely due to the fact that the Bond Street standard of production is rigidly maintained.

The three branches of Pope & Bradley are all closely united, and the same spirit, the same style, and the same will to progress pervade the entire firm.

Lounge Suits from nine guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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@ 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



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All 555 Cigarettes are the same perfect quality in every Country of the World, distinction in packing alone allocating them for Home or Overseas. Made by hand, one at a time, of the unique 555 leaf, the consistent maintenance of their superlative qualities has placed them pre-eminent throughout the World.

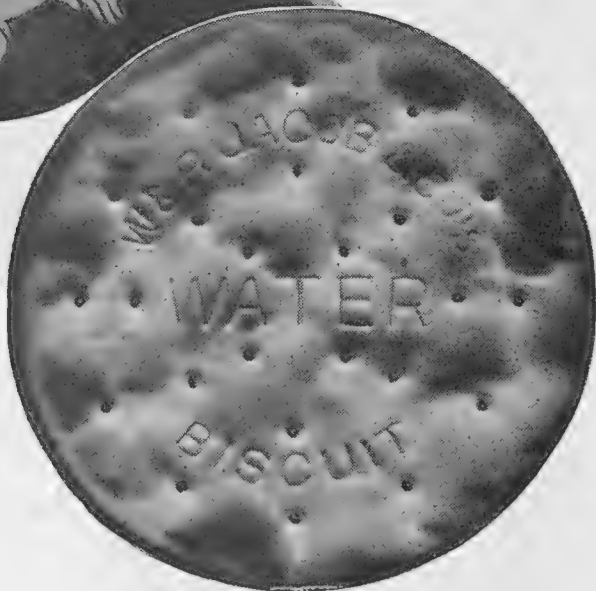
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have the
nutty
flavour



What would Water biscuits be without that delicate crispness; the clean flavour that brings out the personality of cheese as nothing else can. Cheese is only really at home with *Jacob's Water Biscuits*. Golden crisp or baked a rich dark brown, they have the real nutty flavour that makes all the difference. Buy them at your Grocers loose; in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets; or in 2/- tins.

JACOB'S

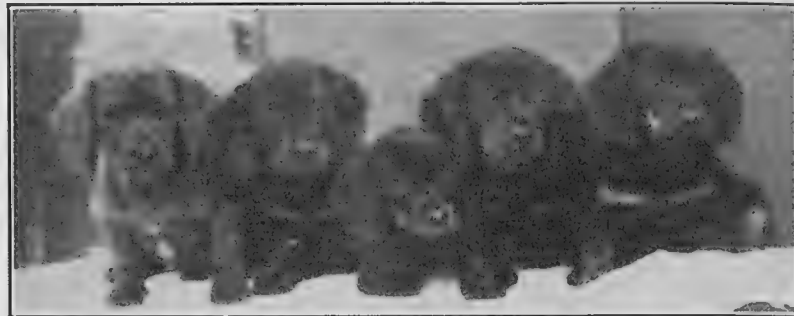
Water biscuits

W. & R. JACOB & CO. LTD., Biscuit Manufacturers.

Service Advertising

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Our Open Show is over and done, and has been a great success. All the arrangements worked smoothly and well, as was to be expected under the efficient guidance of Lady Howe and Mrs. Trelawny who are past masters in the art of managing a big show. The benching and feeding arrangements were carried out by Spratts in their usual excellent manner, and there was an energetic band of stewards who kept the rings well filled so that the judging was over in good time on both days. The Show was honoured on the first day by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood, who remained



DACHSHUND PUPPIES
The property of Miss Keswick

for some time watching the judging of the Irish wolfhounds where H.R.H. was exhibiting. On the second day our president, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, kindly visited the Show and saw the judging for the special for the best exhibit in the Show, and also the judging for the children's classes, when she gave away the prizes. The latter classes were won by Miss Judith Baillie in the "under ten" classes, while Miss Peggy Pacey, so well known in the Horse Show ring, won the class for older children. Little Miss Penelope Harrison caused much amusement by the determined way she handled her exhibit, a somewhat recalcitrant Pekingese. The special for the "most active Pekingese" also

excited a good deal of merriment, and was most carefully judged by the two gun-dog experts, Mr. Heaton and Mr. Phillips. The special for the best dog in the Show was awarded to Mrs. Pacey's Champion Wolvey Pepper, and that for the best bitch went to Mrs. Crouch's Champion Orchard Mousa, while Lady Howe won the special for the best team. The gate was a good one, and there were crowds of spectators round the rings both days.



MURELLA VAN LEYDEN
The property of Miss Wallace

The Keeshond has rapidly risen to popularity. A year or two ago there were hardly any, now all the principal shows give classes for them. They are most handsome, attractive dogs, very intelligent and particularly good with children. Miss Wallace is one of those who have taken them up; the photograph given is of her lovely bitch, Murella van Leyden. Miss Wallace has a very good young dog for sale.

Some breeds are always popular; one is the Dachshund. They have much to recommend them, they are game, ready for any sport, but also excellent house-dogs, very adaptable, and their short coats bring in no dirt.

Miss Keswick has a very nice family she wants to sell to good homes, and sends a delightful photograph. The pups are as well bred as possible and very good-looking as can be seen.

Big dogs have been steadily increasing in favour, and among them the mastiff. They are equally at home in town or country, as like all heavy breeds they do not require much exercise. They are also splendid guards, of majestic appearance, and though usually very good-tempered he would be a bold man who tried to get in where a mastiff did not want him to.

Miss Bell sends a photograph of some mastiff pups; they are for sale, also some adults. Miss Bell has lately done very well indeed, both certificate winners at Manchester being bred and owned by her.



MASTIFF PUPPIES, AGED SEVEN WEEKS
The property of Miss Bell

Miss Grimston has some lovely papillon pups for sale at quite moderate prices. They are very small and exceedingly well-bred, and one or two should make winners. Papillons are the most dainty, attractive little dogs, and Miss Grimston's are well known.—Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Southampton.

SKIN STARVATION MAKES YOU OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME ●



There is only one successful way to fight it—

Look around you at any gathering of women. How many tragedies of starved skins do you see? Skins that should be soft as petals, dry as parchment. Skins creased and wrinkled before their time, adding tens of years to women who should be lovely. Skins masked with powder that have a cold, dead look, instead of a delicate bloom. Everywhere, under-nourishment at its deadly work. In these days of crowded, artificial life, the oils of the skin begin to dry at an alarmingly early age. Cyclax Skin Food is the one successful way to combat skin starvation. To-day it is your own fault if your skin is being ruined by under-nourishment. Cyclax Skin Food carries on nature's work of feeding the tissues, filling the tiny oil cells, throwing off old dead skins and showing the new, perfectly nourished fresh one. Whether you are twenty or forty, your skin needs Cyclax Skin Food. Begin a new life for it to-day.

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Cyclax Skin Food for normal skins, Cyclax Special Skin Food for dry skins, Cyclax Baby Skin Food for super-sensitive skins, 4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-. Obtainable from all good stores, hairdressers and chemists. Ask too for the free Cyclax booklet "The Art of Being Lovely" which tells you all about the wonderful Cyclax Beauty Preparations.

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POLO IN PHCENIX PARK



THE QUIDNUNC TEAM

HERR GEORG VON DEHN, MR. E. S. SLOCOCK, CAPTAIN WINTER,
AND MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD

THE BEECH PARK TEAM

MR. CECIL BALDING, CAPTAIN STOREY, MR. J. W. SHACKLETON,
MR. J. P. LARMINE

Pool, Dublin

The two teams which fought a drawn battle in the opening match of the season at the All-Ireland Polo Club in Phoenix Park. Major T. W. Kirkwood is an ex-International (1924), and Mr. Cecil Balding is a cousin of Mr. Gerald Balding, who will probably play for England this year

Crawford's

LIQUEUR

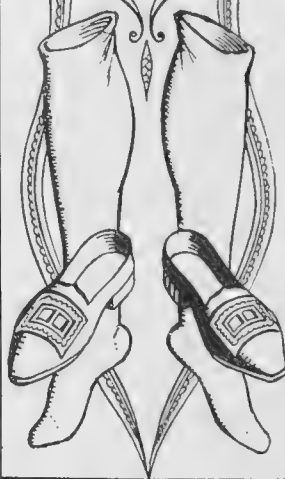
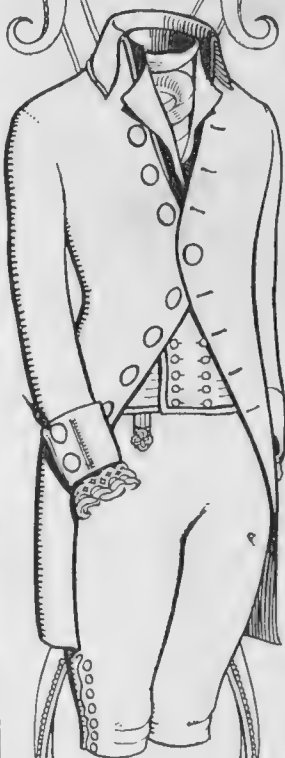
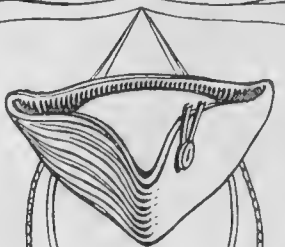
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The Skipper's Health!

CRAWFORD'S — THE WHISKY FOR GREAT OCCASIONS.

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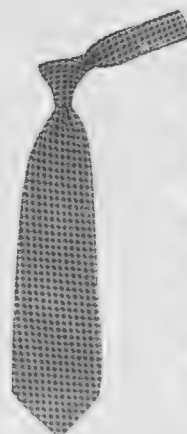
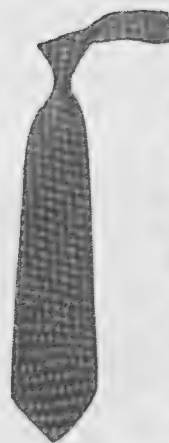
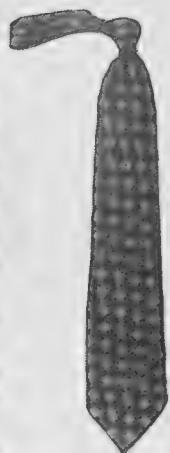
By Appointment.

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1930

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MR. AND MRS. DENIS WYATT

Who were married on April 23 at Ludlow. The bride was formerly Miss Helen Bainbridge, the eldest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Bainbridge of Overton, Ludlow

Weddings and Engagements

Next Month.

June 14 is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. W. H. D. Fleming and Miss Dorothy Buchanan, which will take place quietly in St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, S.W.; Lieutenant Arthur Gordon Voules Hubback, Royal Navy, is marrying Miss Elizabeth Pearson Rogers on the 5th at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street; on the 11th there is the marriage between Mr. Aylmer Herbert Porter and Miss Clarice Wallace McGregor at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton; and on the 12th Mr. Charles Part is marrying Miss Marion Ball, and the wedding will take place in Montreal.

A September Wedding.

Mr. Charles F. Sutro, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Sutro of 3, Hall Road, N.W., and Miss Evelyn Margaret Stodart, the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Stodart of Kingstoun, near North Berwick, have chosen September for their wedding.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Geoffrey E. Parker, F.R.C.S., elder son of the late Mr. G. L. Parker and Mrs. Leslie Parker of 45, Sloane Gardens, S.W., and Miss Kathleen Hewlett Johnson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Johnson of 4, Great Stanhope Street; Mr. James Frederick Maurice Brock, son of Mrs. Brock of The Elms, South Stoke, Oxon, and Miss Sylvia Margaret (Peggy) Sanger, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Sanger and Mrs. Sanger of Shiplake-on-Thames; Mr. Francis Cameron Macpherson of The Manor House, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, elder son of the late Captain Duncan Macpherson, R.N., and the late Mrs. Macpherson, and Miss Elsa Skoglund, younger daughter of the late Mr. Nils Skoglund and Mrs. Skoglund of Stockholm; Mr. George Thomas Hutchinson, Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford, and Miss Evelyn Lloyd Thomas, daughter of the late Mr. W. Lloyd Thomas and Mrs. Lloyd Thomas of Tredilion Park, Abergavenny; Mr. Cyril Cridlan Barrett, Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. J. T. Barrett and Mrs. Barrett, and Miss Dorothy Nares, the daughter of Captain J. D. Nares, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Nares.



COMTE AND COMTESSE ALAIN-MARTIAL DE BRUCHARD

Taken after their marriage at Hawick. The bride was formerly Miss Pamela Aubrey Wilson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Aubrey Wilson



**Delightful Style
Perfect Fitting
Excellent Value**

This model, though so moderately priced, is available in a full range of lengths and widths to ensure accurate fitting.

Illustrated catalogue free on request.

No. 4752. Stylish walking shoe in a combination of Fawn Lizard and Glacé. Economically priced at 39/6 per pair.

**BABERS
of OXFORD ST**

Only Address: 309, Oxford St., W.1

Babers Ltd., Jersey

Your Youth shall return and remain

"I found that deep-seated furrows between the eyes, wrinkles under the eyes, overhanging eyelids, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck had all been banished, and the soft round contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally is that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured, it remains."

LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Lady Maud Warrender has investigated Mr. Willi's methods and has written an article for the press, an autographed copy of which can be obtained free.

Where Lady Maud found that miracle, you too can find it, even as ten thousand others have found it, in daily practice, at the HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, where for twenty years Mr. Willi has been restoring lost youth to the women who have come to him from all corners of the globe. Arrange an appointment with Mr. Willi; let him show you what he has done for others; let him tell you what he can do for you; his advice will cost you nothing; and the charges for his treatment are strictly moderate. So little to pay, and so much to gain! For a new lease of youthful freshness and good looks!

Write or telephone to the Secretary:—

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE

40, Baker Street, London, W.1 - Tel.: Welbeck 5846

Do not blame overwork and worry — when all the time unsuspected constipation is poisoning you



Constipation in itself is rarely a hospital case. It is an habitual and distressing state of internal congestion. Eighty per cent of people are living half-powered lives as a result of it. Harsh purgatives merely aggravate and cannot cure. It is the great virtue of Eno's "Fruit Salt" that while it keeps your 'foodways' from getting into this clogged and poisoned state, it does so with due regard to the delicacy of the human mechanism. ENO itself never enters the blood. In a very true sense it never enters the body at all. It merely passes along a channel that runs through you, diluting the contents by the natural process known to doctors as 'osmosis', and thereby securing their complete and punctual ejection. Impure mineral salts, harsh aperients, and crude purgatives are all harmful to you. Take ENO first thing every morning — and only ENO

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks



Travel on a SILVER WING— for Comfort and Safety

THE Mid-day (Silver Wing) service of Imperial Airways has been in continual operation between London and Paris for ten years. It holds an unequalled record for safety and punctuality.

You are as safe and comfortable when flying in a Silver Wing as you are in a Pullman Coach and you go faster and more direct. Yet it costs you very little more than the older methods of travel.

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C.F.H.

Polo Notes—continued

the go-by to any pursuer. Even then a goal is no sitter for the speed is high, and the best of shots often miss the target. It is the pace which makes things so difficult. There is no time for indecision or looking at the scenery.

* * *

There are numerous penalties, as there are in all games, but none for off-side, as that rule, which took the pace off the game, was abolished years ago. Here are two which are enough to be going on with so far as the onlooker is concerned:

(a) If the ball is hit behind by one of the defending side, a free hit is taken 60 yards from the back line, opposite to where the ball crossed the line. (b) A dangerous foul for crossing etc., is a free hit from 40 yards in front of the goal, or from where the foul took place, all the side fouling to be behind their back line until the ball is hit or hit at, but not between the goal-posts.

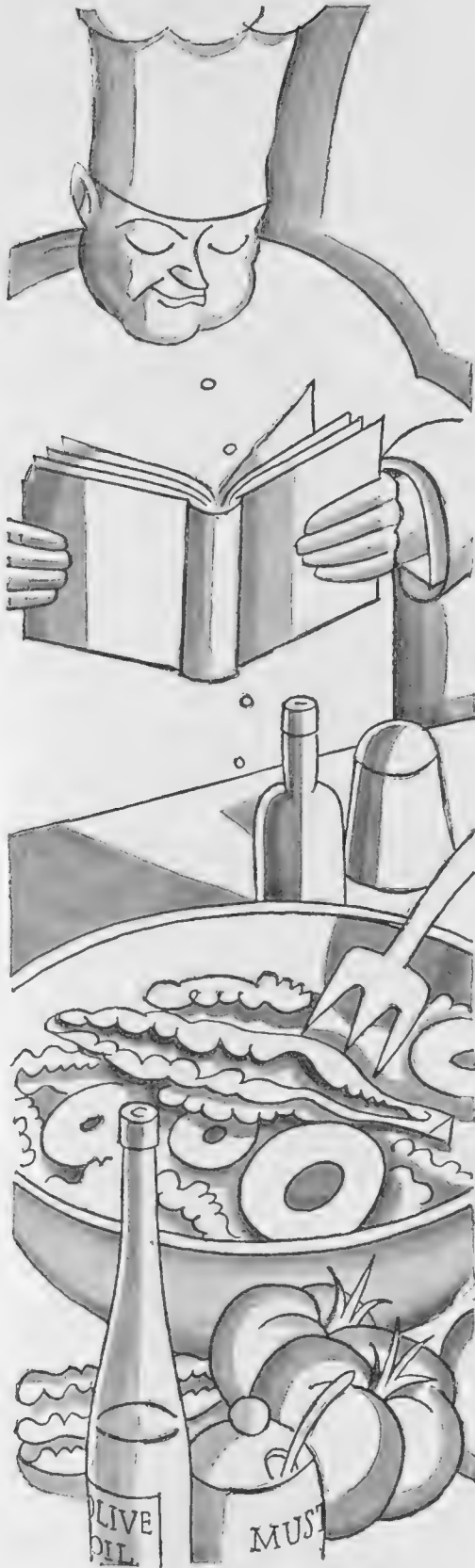
The weapon used by the polo player is correctly described as a "stick," and not as a "mallet," as is frequently done, because, presumably, there is an idea that it is used to hit the ball in the same way as a croquet mallet is. You may hurt a polo player's feelings quite as much by calling it by the wrong name as you might a golfer's if you called his club a "stick."

* * *

In ancient days, those of the Persian poet Firdusi for instance, and also later, people often got rather hot under the collar over polo, and there is some mention of a bit of sword-play being not unusual. This of course has quite gone out of fashion. Polo-players of the modern type are really very sweet-tempered people, and do not even belt one another over the head with their sticks even in the hottest of the fray. Akbar the Great was so keen on polo that, not content with *matinée* performances, he used to make the bloods and blades of his Court play on dark nights with phosphorus-covered polo balls. This must have added a distinctly picturesque touch, and it might be worth reviving if the public gets sufficiently bitten with the game. The Manipuris, a wild and woolly race who live on the north-eastern frontier of India, and who are held to be the real inventors of polo, were so keen that they would willingly sell any wife they thought would make the price of a good polo pony. This custom has not caught on in the West—yet! It was, however, considered rather a smart thing to do about 1550. In those wicked times also it was held to be permissible to steal anyone's pony if you could or you thought he was worth stealing. The methods of dealing in wives and polo ponies were *most* reprehensible. For instance, trading a wall-eyed wife or one with incipient string-halt, a nervous affection of the hind leg, on to a pal was all in the game—but some of the bad men of the period even went so far as to stick their friends with ponies that had cataract, laminitis, megrims, or that ran away and nearly bucked themselves out of their skins at the mere sight of a polo ball or a *chaugan*, as a polo stick was called in those days. How thankful we ought to be that there are no wicked men like these about in these modern times. I have also read somewhere that in Persia knocking an adversary end-over-end was rather applauded, and also that some of the Big Four of those times had managed to train their ponies to bite and hang on like bulldogs to the breeches of any enemy player who was at all dangerous. Polo ponies, or horses, as it may be better to describe them, for most of them nowadays are big enough to run in the Derby, or even the Grand National, should be so well-broken and mouthed as not to require a bit in their mouths at all. Some are. In the earlier days of the pioneers of polo these animals were not invariably like this, and in India, where the hard-up subaltern did so much to keep the flag flying, cheapness first was the slogan. I have known some people who have tried to play polo on what is called a "wedding horse"—price about Rs. 50, that is about £3. I will explain. A wedding horse: Indian: one: is invariably a nasty, savage, squealing, curly-eared swine, usually white in colour or a washy strawberry roan, and he is used by Indian potentates to lend tone to the wedding processions of any of their relatives. He is usually decorated with blobs of henna which make him look like a cross between a leopard and a giraffe, which latter animal he rather resembles, and he has some tinsel feathers stuck on the head-piece of his bridle. He is led along in the midst of the terrible din caused by the players of squeaking instruments and tom-tom virtuosi by at least four strong, persevering men hanging on to strong ropes. Sometimes these steeds manage to get loose, and then they put in some very pretty work biting and killing the populace. They are just about as nasty as a tiger would be if he had hoofs as well as claws and teeth, and they are far better boxers than Primo Carnera. This kind of polo horse has quite gone out of fashion, and is relegated to the same limbo as bad language and personal violence. Perhaps that great judge of wine, O. Khayyám, knew about these things when he wrote (I think):

The ball no question makes of Eyes or Nose,
But right or left as strikes the player goes,
And he that tossed thee down into the field,
He knows about it all—he knows, he knows.

Apparently they had no Vernon Keighleys in those days, or someone would have heard something about it if he had got up to any of these tricks. I hope that this attempt to enlighten the non-polo public will be of some use. I have done my best to discourse in the popular style of that excellent lecturer, The Bellman, in "The Hunting of the Snark."



A RECEIPT FOR A SALAD

★ ★ ★

*"Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;
Serenely full the epicure would say,
'Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day'."*
Sydney Smith

★ ★ ★

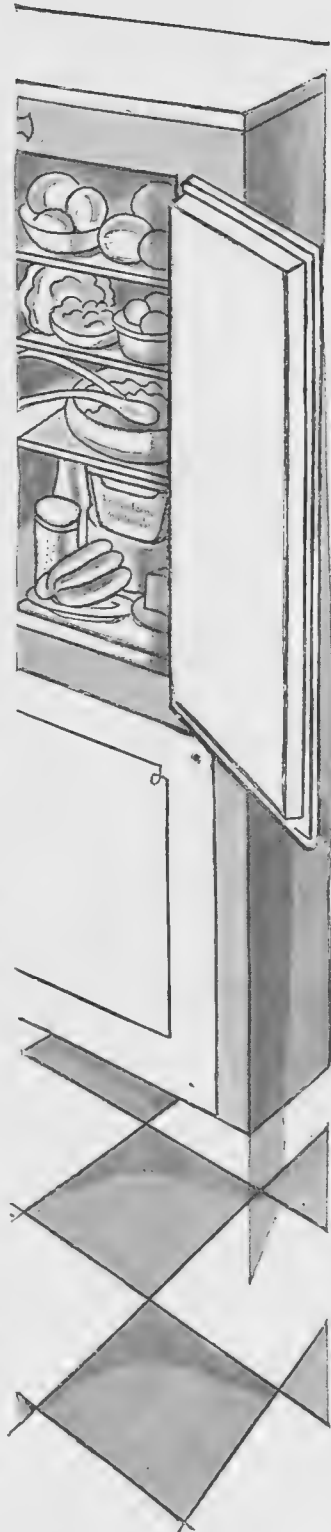
Have you ever arrived, as night fell, at a little inn on the edge of the Black Forest, and the innkeeper's wife has gone out, under the moon, and picked for your pheasant, a garnishment of salad all dewy and fresh from the night air?

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OUR TENNIS LETTER

Wimbledon Prospects

There seems to be no doubt that this year's Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon are going to be more entertaining than any we have had for some years past.

To begin with, in the men's events especially, the whole thing is so much more open, and there is no "certainty" on which to put one's money as there has been in previous years. True, the "little man from Lyons," Henri Cochet, is defending his title, but at the same time he has been taking his business very seriously indeed this winter, has played hardly any first-class lawn tennis, and as we saw in the recent Biarritz tournament, has very evidently not got back into full form again. René Lacoste, too, will be much missed if, as I hear this week he is definitely not going to play. Jean Borotra will, to my mind, probably be the "surprise packet" of the meeting, because I consider that although he may possibly not be quite so quick at the net as in his early days, he is certainly much more decisive from the back of the court than he has ever been, and this being the case, will be even more deadly when he does make his excursions to the net. Jacques Brugnon, too, is coming over, while Landry, De Burzelet, Christian Boussus, and Gentien are four really beautiful players who would worry any of the champions considerably.

France is lucky in possessing an apparently inexhaustible store of budding champions, as there are yet another four—Merlin, Goldschmidt, Magaloff, and Terrieu, all of whom take a very considerable amount of beating, and are still extremely young in years.

This looks like a young man's Wimbledon, as young "Junior" Coen is going to surprise many of the critics this year, I fancy, with his beautiful stroke production and fine tactics, and he will be well worth watching if only because he is one of the best exponents of perfect footwork on court that I have ever seen.

Our own English players have certainly a good chance of doing something big this season, and I consider that Dr. Gregory and I. G. Collins are one of the best doubles pairs we have had for years.

We saw last summer, when they fought out their long final with the American boys, Van Ryn and Allisson, how doggedly they could hang on. This year I think we shall find that they are also attacking a good deal better than formerly. They are extremely interesting to watch from the fact that their team work is so good, and I have never seen a pair who combine better, or who make better openings for each other.

In the singles Austin and Lee should, given a reasonable lucky draw, go quite a long way, for they are both extremely fine players.

Austin in particular being able to hold his opponent in a most disconcerting fashion. His long, fine sett match with Dr. Prenn, the German champion, when he emerged victorious after having lost the first two setts almost to love, at Monte Carlo, showed me that he has plenty of real stamina, and I think that if he can only take a rest from too much tournament tennis during the next few weeks he has every chance of doing well at the Championships. Perry is another young Englishman who is doing very well this summer, and of course Nigel Sharp, John Oliffe, Charles Kingsley, and H. K. Lester are always to be relied upon. I do not know if Kingsley and Austin are pairing up in the Men's Doubles, but they should certainly do so, if only for the sake of the wonderful game they played together at Monte Carlo this spring, when they defeated Cochet and Brugnon, the holders of the Buller Cup. William Tilden and "Junior" Coen also have a long list of unbroken successes to their credit on the Riviera this spring, and they also are an extremely fine combination, more especially as Tilden is always capable of suddenly bringing out some wonderful winning shots if things are getting at all critical.

The Australians, too, are going to be very good in doubles this summer, for Jack Crawford and Hopman are both so good overhead and have such extremely fine services that if they are on their game they are almost impossible to beat. Willard and Moon, their other pair, are also a very powerful combination, and Moon, of course, is now Australian champion. The most prominent of the Irish players is certainly Lyttleton Rogers, who stands about 6 ft. 6 in. in height, has an extremely good service, and is one of the most pertinacious players I have ever seen. He literally never knows when he is beaten, and has done some very fine performances just lately, noticeably his defeat of Henri Cochet at Biarritz and his victory over Crawford in the Australian v. Ireland Davis Cup match.

There should be a large contingent of the German players over this summer, one of the most prominent being Dr. Sandemann; Henri Kleinscroth (still one of the finest doubles players living) will be amongst the team, and I hope, Dr. Prenn (the champion) who, however, works so hard that he gets very little time for tennis. Allisson and Van Ryn, the young Americans who hold the much-coveted doubles championship, are, I hear, playing fine tennis just now. They certainly play the game of continual attack and they storm the net on all possible occasion. George Lott and Doeg are two more fine players who will want a lot of beating, while I have no hesitation in saying that I think that William Tilden, probably the oldest of the American contingent playing over here this year, is certainly producing just as good lawn tennis at the moment as I have ever seen him play.—"DROP SHOT."

Bond St ASPREY London

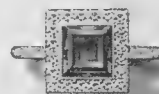
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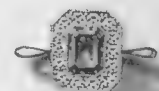
Diamond and Platinum.
78 . 10 . 0



Baguette Diamonds
and Platinum.
67 . 10 . 0



Fine Sapphire, Diamond
and Platinum.
108 . 0 . 0



Emerald and Diamond,
Platinum.
34 . 10 . 0



Diamond, Platinum
and Gold.
47 . 10 . 0



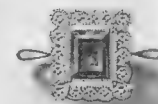
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Emerald and Diamond,
Platinum.
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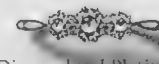
Diamond and Platinum.
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Emerald and Diamond,
Platinum.
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Diamond and Platinum.
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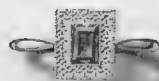
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Diamonds and Sapphire.
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Diamonds, Platinum
and Gold.
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Diamond and Sapphire.
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Diamonds and Platinum.
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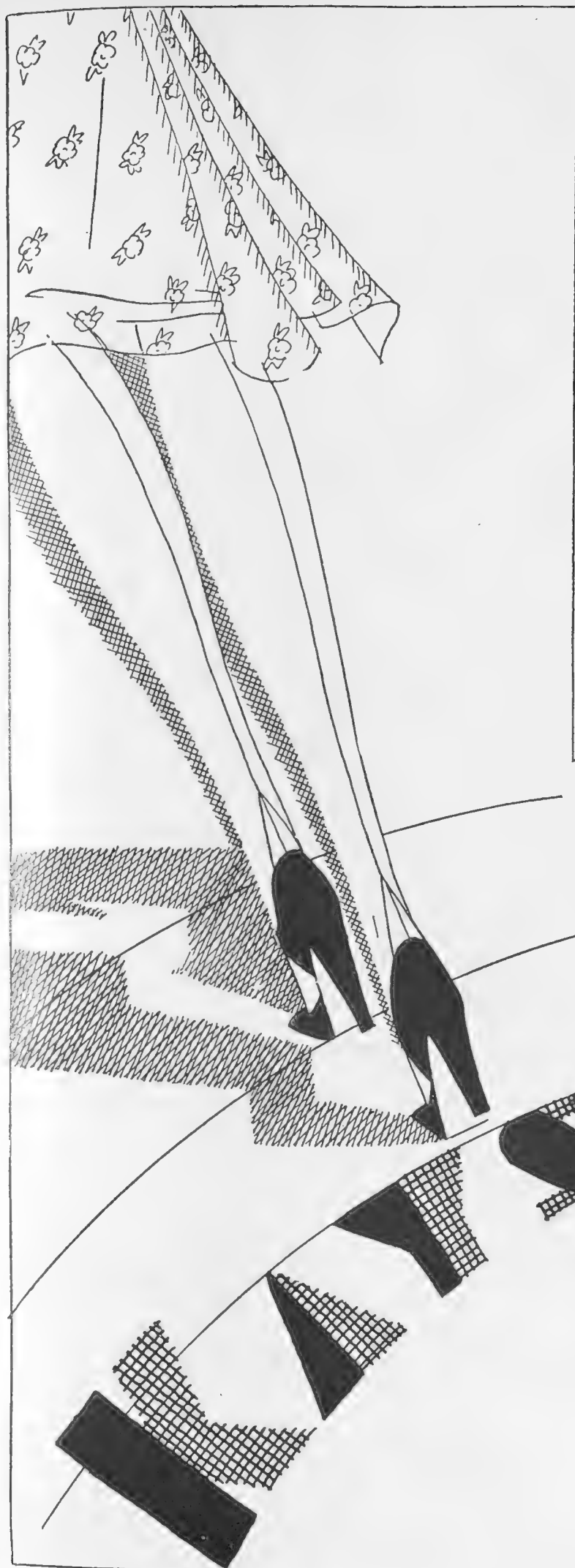
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Pictures in the Fire—continued

And to hark to that sometimes unpleasant moment when you are trying to get dry, here is a tragic little story which may help you. In India once upon a time there was a learned and rather plump judge whose bath invariably made him perspire so terribly that it set up a most painful complaint, familiar to some people as prickly heat. His lordship was so badly afflicted that he was in the habit of laying in a large stock of anti-itch powder, and as he emerged from his bath-room nothing like dry, and itching as if he had been wisped down with stinging-nettles, it was his bearer's, or sable valet's, duty to fly at him armed with a powder-box and an enormous powder-puff and proceed to smother the entire surface of his lordship's pink body. It was a palliative but not a cure. One particularly hot morning as his lordship emerged as usual, and the operation I have just described commenced, all went well till suddenly the judge began to fizzle all over. He fair screamed with pain, and his language they said nearly turned his valet white. The faithful servant had run out of powder, so he had filled up with something white out of a bottle. It was Eno's.

I have received the following letter from my old friend "The Mariner" about this Anti-Stag Hunting Bill and the attitude of the R.S.P.C.A. towards it and towards hunting generally, and I entirely agree with every word which "The Mariner" writes. I publish it as a useful sighting-shot to something more there is to say and which I shall publish next week:

Quite possibly—as a private Member's Bill—the Prohibition of Deer-Hunting Bill will not find its way into the Statute Book during the present Parliamentary Session. But it might do so.

That it is merely a prelude to other Bills for the suppression of all forms of hunting—in fact all field sports—is obvious enough. But the main point is that this Bill is admitted officially to be promoted by the R.S.P.C.A. It

has been plain for some years now the R.S.P.C.A. has lost its former level-headedness of policy, the direction of which has now fallen into the hands of a clique of hysterical fanatics. In days gone by the society had always the warm support of hunting people, in the Devon and Somerset country as much as anywhere else. But now it has declared war (unmistakably) upon hunting.

A declaration of war necessitates counter business of defence—and aggression—by the party upon whom war is declared.

I would like to suggest that you should use all the influence you can to persuade everyone interested in hunting and who subscribe to the R.S.P.C.A. to discontinue his or her subscription forthwith. As a matter of fact there are other societies, such as Our Dumb Friends' League, which have in many respects superseded the R.S.P.C.A. A campaign requires organization and funds. A few influential people might produce the former and hunting folk possibly the latter. The Association of Masters of Foxhounds, which I believe includes masters of stag-hounds, might circularize all masters—or secretaries—to the effect that they should ask for a "boycott" of the R.S.P.C.A. amongst their members and subscribers in their respective countries.

The Farmers' Union and other bodies connected with rural life might be approached similarly. Possibly some newspapers might be asked to permit the publication of articles dealing in the first place with stag-hunting by writers who really know something about it—and so on.

Attacks upon hunting are part and parcel of "class warfare," and the R.S.P.C.A. is merely lending itself to this sort of thing in backing this Bill. So to blazes with it!



Peter North

LONDON'S NEW LEADING LADY

Miss Celia Johnson, the up-till-recently unknown young actress, whose great personal success as the artist's model in "The Artist and the Shadow" at the Kingsway Theatre led to her engagement for the title part in "Debonair," the new comedy by Miss G. B. Stern and Frank Vosper. Miss Celia Johnson, who is only just twenty-one, has scored a really startling success, and attracts sympathy for a character which in less able hands would not have won much favour.

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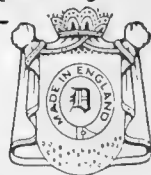
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C.F.H.4

Two Went Travelling—continued

value of Detroit United Steel. But, strangely, the reflection that at 97½ they were a "snip" afforded him incomplete satisfaction. He could not evade the implications of that deadly word "suicide."

"Gosh," he reflected. "One hundred and fifty feet to fall. And he means it."

He lowered the edge of the "Herald." The young man, chin on palm, was gazing out of the window. There was that in his face that seemed to Denver the hall-mark of a suicide; a stony indifference that cried, "I am the living dead." Denver threw his paper aside determinedly.

"Son," he began, "behave like a human being. You think it's mighty fine cover to be offensive, but it isn't. It deceives no one. It merely means that you're in such a darned funk —"

"What?"

"—that you daren't tell your trouble. You're afraid of looking foolish, appearing sentimental. That's all."

His eyes twinkled as, with monitory finger, he emphasized his point. He smelled victory! But the eyes of the young man were bright with anger. He laughed derisively.

"You Americans! We drink cocktails, every town sports a 'Woolworth's,' we call the Ford a motor-car. Isn't that enough? Hell, can't we die in our own fashion without your interference?"

Denver's silence goaded him on.

"But perhaps you're a reporter needing a story? Train-suicide's own-story stuff, eh? Are you?"

"No," said Denver soberly. "I'm not. I'm just a man trying to help another man in his trouble."

The young man started, and a vivid flush stained his lean face. His startled eyes met Denver's half defiantly, then dropped. In some indefinable way his hardness seemed to have slipped from him. In silence Denver waited. At last the Englishman spoke.

"It's like this," he said wearily. Then, with sudden impatience, "Damn it, how can I?"

"Try!" urged Denver softly.

Then, disconcertingly, the young man shed his reserve. He became devastatingly articulate.

"One of the things you Americans don't understand is entail. That's why there'll never be an American Empire! Entail *built* the British Empire. You won't understand that—but it's gospel. Out in the wilds you'll meet an Oxford accent trying to lose itself in a whisky bottle. That's entail! Half-baked subalterns being spitted on spears by lousy blacks—entail! Parsons that can name the winners of the Derby since the first running and throw in the sires and dams as make-weight—entail! Any obvious misfit worrying through in a lonely corner of the earth—entail!"

"But —" suggested Denver C. Cass.

"Man, the stones of our castles and show places are cemented with the blood of younger sons."

"Yes, but —"

"Eldest sons inheriting the lands and rent rolls. Younger sons inheriting the earth, particularly the out-of-the-way corners of it where whisky is cheap. Entail, damn it!"

"I see!" snapped Denver excitedly. "You're a younger son."

The young man scowled viciously.

"No," he growled. "I'm the eldest son. Lucky, you think? The hell you do!"

Denver was bewildered. He stared through the window at the flying landscape, vainly seeking inspiration.

"Then why —" he said feebly.

But the young man was in spate again.

"Her name is Elizabeth! You're right. I *am* going to talk like a fool. She's not pretty—better than that. She's like a boy, slim and taut. You don't lie to her, Yank, because when she looks at you the lie dies on your lips. Eyes like that! *Clean!* She'll follow hounds with you all day and you'll never think of her but as a good pal. She'll dance with you that night and the fragrance of her hair will trouble your senses. Damn you, I knew I'd burble!"

"Go on!" said Denver.

"What you've got to remember is that she has always been in my life. Kids together—grew up together! I took her for granted until one day—you know women! One day she grew up and suddenly I knew. I wanted her, needed her, I told her, asked her to marry me. She told me she loved Brick—my younger brother!"

He scowled.

"Get that? My *younger* brother! Entail, man, entail!"

Denver was silent, overwhelmed by a sense of catastrophe without knowing why. The young man grinned wryly.

"Brick hasn't a bean in the world and has no prospect of having one. The perfect younger son! Think of it! Brick and Elizabeth empire building, stagnating in the backwoods. Think of it, Elizabeth worrying a penny into doing the work of tuppence. And think of me—with a rent-roll, hunters, a couple of cars, and my clubs! Oh, damn!"

Because the explanation was so bare Denver grasped it the more readily.

"But couldn't you —?" he suggested.

(Continued on p. xxii)



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Two Went Travelling—continued

It was one of those suggestions that founder beneath their own impracticability.

"No, I couldn't," snapped the young man. "Not that way!"

And in a flash understanding came to Denver C. Cass. *Not that way!* Hunter's Bridge! One hundred and fifty feet to fall! Tragedy reduced to a quiet formula—no mess, no questions. God, these English!

The young man looked out of the window and consulted his watch.

"About three minutes to go," he said quietly.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. —?"

"Cass—Denver C. Cass."

"Thank you. Glad to have met you, Mr. Cass. Makes me inclined to forgive America our War Debt."

Denver brushed the flippancy aside.

"But man," he gasped. "Do you seriously expect me to sit here and let you commit suicide?"

The young man's voice was cold.

"I expect just that."

A strained silence fell between them. The whirring wheels seemed to Denver to rattle out a monotonous message, "Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!" and his heart pounded viciously. As the young man stood up and laid his hand on the door-handle, Cass leapt to his feet. He caught a fleeting glimpse of a narrow handrail and far below it a strangely dwindled countryside. Then, as the smooth rhythm of the wheels changed to a hollow echoing clatter, he flung himself forward, grappled his companion by the knees and bore him back on to the seat. Only his native doggedness availed him in the silent struggle that followed. The man seemed charged with superhuman strength but, dragged hither and thither, the American hung on, straining his ears for the change in the sound of the wheels. A sudden jerk threw them both to the floor, the young man uppermost. With a quick movement he tore himself free but as he did so the broken clatter of the wheels gave place



WIFE OF A MOTOR-BOAT ENTHUSIAST.
MRS. G. H. PHELPS

Mr. George Harrison Phelps, who is the Commodore of the Detroit Yacht Club and Vice-Commodore of the Yachtsman's Association of America, is also a very keen devotee of outboard racing, and is on a visit to England in connection with the race for the British International Trophy which will be held off Detroit in September. Sir Henry Segrave and Miss Carstairs are competing and Mr. Gar Wood is the principal American defender

to a smoother rhythm and the speed of the train perceptibly diminished. Denver jumped to his feet and planted his back to the door.

"There," he panted. "That's a Yale smother. Like it?"

"Damn you!" said the young man furiously. "Damn you!"

"Sure, as often as you like. But you're alive, son."

The young man made various adjustments of his attire. He was silent, but even his silence had an offensive quality. As the train slid slowly into a cavernous station, he turned to the American.

"You will," he said coldly, "stand out of the way."

For a moment Denver hesitated. Then he shrugged.

"Well, son," he said grimly. "You're not my responsibility. But take it from me, work doesn't hurt anybody. Let that brother of yours try it."

The train stopped with a gentle jerk. Denver threw open the door and stood aside. Without reply the young man passed him and alighted. For a moment he stood with his back to the carriage, then he swung round and thrust his head into the now gloomy carriage.

"You're not a bad sort," he grinned, "for an American!"

He pressed something into Denver's hand and strode away. Amazed by the sudden geniality Denver gazed after him, but in a second he was lost in the jostling throng about the exit. Then he remembered the gift and unclosed his hand. A cigar! A fat, squat cigar! An American cigar! He caught his breath suddenly and his hand sought his pocket. His cigar-case was gone! One of his own cigars! A cold perspiration broke out on his face as he clapped his hand to his hip-pocket. His wallet—gone!

As he crushed the cigar between clenching fingers a face thrust itself ingratiatingly through the carriage window.

"Porter, sir?"

"Oh, you go to hell!" said Denver C. Cass savagely.

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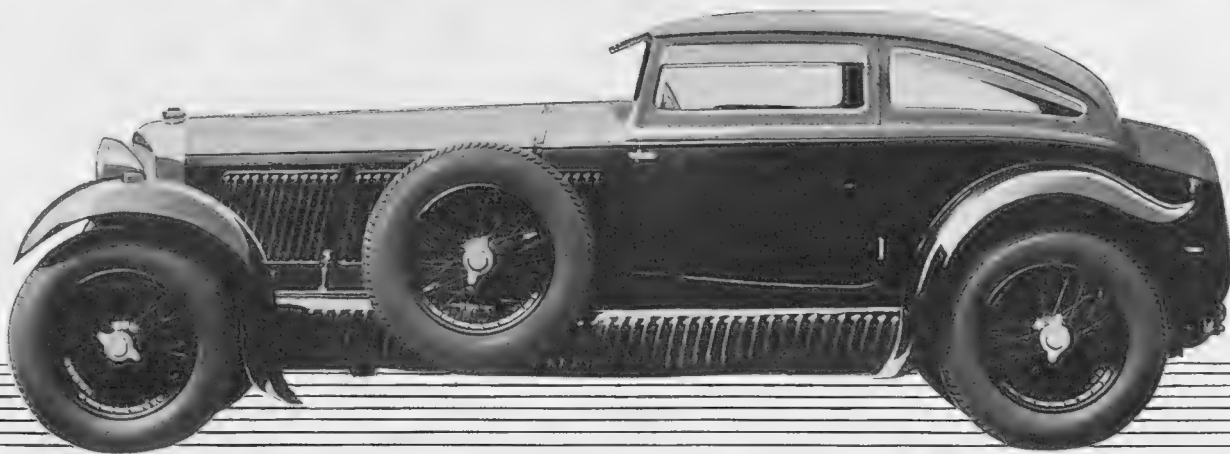
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Petrol Vapour—continued

Certain Limitations.

But there is one thing in which our admirable R.A.C. fails, though really it does so only because it is so conscientious. This is that it will not test any device that claims to be skid-proof or to relieve the liability of skidding. And that is rather hard luck on the De Lavand "diff," for according to my experience it is far and away the most effective "anti-derapant" (as the French so neatly call it) that has ever seen the light. Candidly I set as much store by this unique quality as by its free-wheel function. But the Technical Department very justly holds that it deals with established or establishable facts only, and has no truck with mere matters of opinion, and that the tendency or otherwise of a car to skid under given conditions is a matter of opinion. Also it states—and this is beyond cavil—that "conditions," i.e. skiddy or otherwise, upon ordinary roads, can vary very widely indeed in as short a space of time as fifteen seconds. This I know to be true. So it is now up to some ingenious "projector" to envisage some means whereby the question of "to skid or not to skid" can be decided in an incontrovertible manner. Here is scope for a brilliant inventor such as my friend Professor Low, and the job is all the more easy since the "powers that be" still permit local authorities to build roads that, after a shower of rain, are skiddiferous to the *n*th degree.

How Different.

Lovely weather, leisure, laziness, a lech for wandering, and the unquenchable love of renewing old associations have conspired to lead me once more to wide-open spaces that once I thought were known to so few that they might be said to be altogether unknown. There was one particular place that years ago Mrs. P. V. and I made entirely our own. Time and again (and she would tell you this is the literal truth) I have been

so intoxicated with the beauty and the solitude and the scents and the compulsion of that place. that (this was before lunch, mark you!) I have rolled in the heather like a dog. And not seldom we have snoozed for an hour without a sound to disturb us. Now there are notices, good strong pine boards painted two coats of best lead colour, and all the rest of it, fixed just where I used to lie on my face and watch the wee insects at work amongst the grass stems.

They tell me that neither pic-nicking nor car-parking is allowed. And they make references to waste-paper which are quite in order but, as I am "a tidy pachyderm," do not apply and never have applied to Mrs. P. V. and myself. And there is a terrible official fold just down the road, into which cars are herded like sheep by a shepherd in a railwayesque uniform. And the whole place reeks of officialdom and suburbanitis, though it will puzzle you to find a point upon this land, that stands so high, from which you can descry the tiles or brick of a dwelling. But the bees no longer pasture here as once was their wont. The gorse has been trodden down, the heather plucked or incinerated, and huge areas of what was formerly a sanctuary have been laid waste by the olio-vandal and the petroliferous Goth. It is a great and a kindly, long-suffering landowner who has decreed that there must be an end of it. My sympathies are all with him.

Had I been in his place I would have taken a machine-gun to the problem. Heaven forgive me for being a Pharisee (one can be worse things), but as I left this scene of so many old delights—alas, never to be renewed—I could not but thank God that I had (we had) a good memory, and that in our time we had not been such as *they*—the despoiling, wanton, ungrateful, unappreciative, destructive, untidy, tin-ripping, bottle-smashing, paper-chucking, banana-guzzling, peel-throwing, wholly unclean, and incendiary DEVILS. "It is the motorist," they rightly complain. There are motorists *and* motorists. A pity that we must all be tarred from the same bucket!



Dorothy Wilding

MISS VERA POLIAKOFF

The younger daughter of M. and Madame Vladimir Poliakoff, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Basil Burton, is a nephew of the late Lord Northcliffe and a son of Major and Mrs. Percy Burton. Mrs. Burton was Miss Christabel Harmsworth

"BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT"



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CASTROL

MOTOR OIL



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In buying a Morris, you have been wise and patriotic. By using CASTROL as advised by Morris, you can continue to buy the product of an ALL-BRITISH Firm—and be 'proud of it.' For CASTROL is

recommended on the filler cap of every Morris car. British brains have perfected a lubricant as famous for economy as for speed. Moreover, CASTROL has conquered carbon. Your Morris deserves it!

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Daimler

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"I sample the accelerative joys of many fine models emanating from all parts of the world. But for combining road vivacity with suavity, refinement and quietude of power output, this Daimler is pre-eminently pre-eminent. The car on an open road has a magnificent fast cruising gait in and around 50-55 m.p.h register, and it serves as a typical example of the quiet charm of the engine."—*Sunday News*.



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Arthur Mulliner Ltd.

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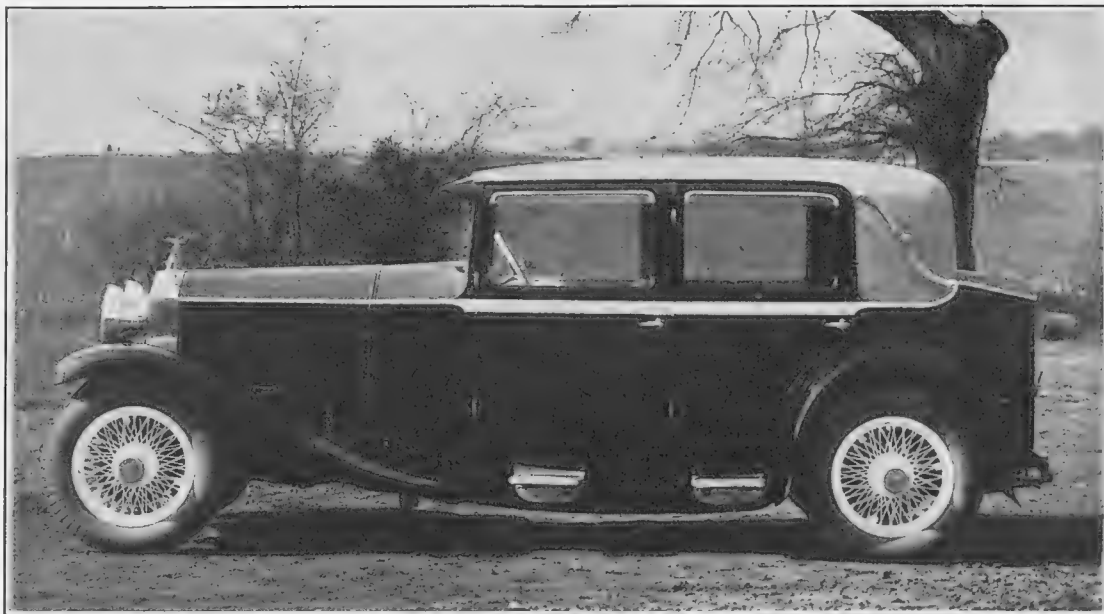
Head Office and Works, Northampton
Telephone 907

London
Telephone: Wellbeck 5711

CAR CAMEOS

The 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce

I suppose that what I am about to do is to commit the heinous crime of *lèse majesté*, for which doubtless extravagant penalties are provided. But here goes. In my considered opinion the latest example of the 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce is, in its special way, the finest thing that the Derby magicians have ever done. This is not to suggest that it is a better car than the 40-50-h.p. Phantom II—for there is none better nor as good—but that, having regard to all the circumstances (one being that it has only a little more than half the cylinder capacity of the other), it is a sheer blue-blooded marvel. As a rule when I find a 26-rating engine taking a full-sized and fully-filled saloon along at a cruising speed of 60 m.p.h., with plenty more to come when required; when it swims up all ordinary hills on top, and generally yields the sort of performance that is associated with much bigger engines, I say to myself, "Well, one can't have everything, and we shall have to shut our eyes to some of these disagreeable qualities that normally accompany such efficiency." But in this case they are not to be found. There is all the pace anyone could possibly want, even for long touring journeys; there is a suspension that thinks for itself; there is that beautiful smoothness of pull and balance that only Rolls-Royces seem



THE 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

able to provide; there is the delicious response, the feathery control; and, pardon the word, there is that unexceptionable refinement—and all of these things with an engine that, having regard to its dimensions, has to work for its living.

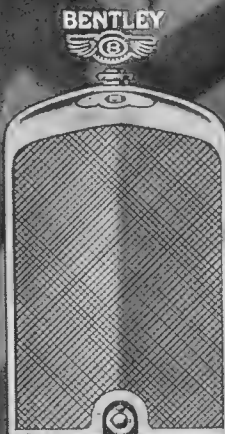
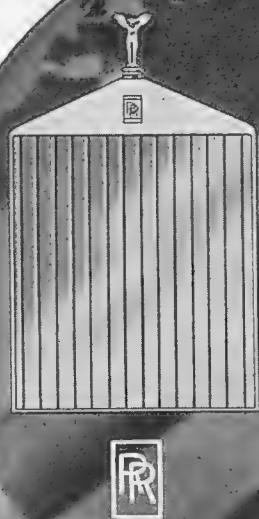
You cannot drive this magnificent motor-car for ten minutes without realizing that there is much efficiency under the bonnet, but apart from the evidence of the speedometer there is nothing perceptible to the senses that this is so. Had the motor been a shade rough, even if only at one sort of speed, it could have safely asked pardon for a venial sin. As it is it has no sort of confession to make. Rather it seems to whisper, "Find fault with me if you can!" And you cannot.

Now anyone who takes an interest in motor-car design knows that very charming results can be got when there is little limitation of engine size and chassis dimensions. The real problem comes when you try to

import into a moderate-sized car all the perfections of the biggest example. This is the problem that Rolls-Royce have tackled with characteristic energy, and it is manifest to anyone who handles their 20-25-h.p. model that they have furnished a triumphant solution.

It goes without saying that it is not a cheap machine, but seeing that it does go (like the dickens) without saying anything at all about it, one has no complaints to make on this score. Worth every penny of its price, as all unique examples of pure artistry always are. W. G. A.

for



CARS from
£130 to £3000

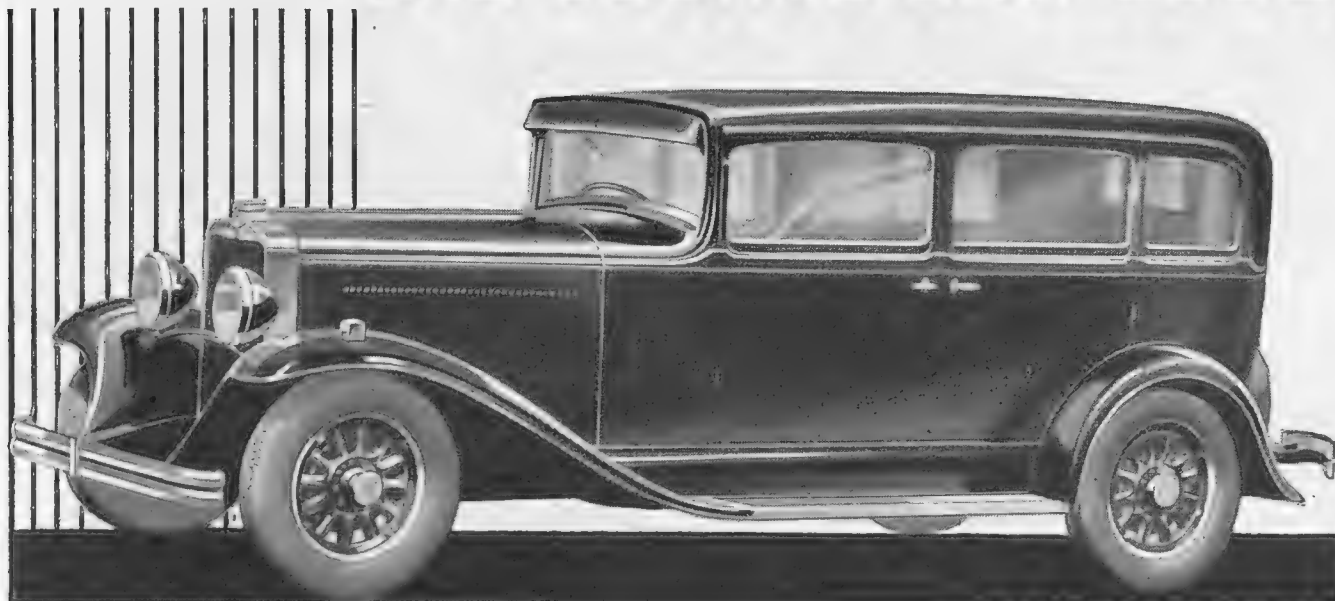
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REVOLUTIONARY BODIES-HYDRAULIC BRAKES AND COSTING ONLY £325



A low-priced Six built by Dodge Brothers. Look what it gives you for your money! Mono piece body built of steel welded into a jointless unit—greater strength, lower centre of gravity, greater safety. Internal-expanding hydraulic brakes— instant in action, sure in all weathers. A silent six-cylinder engine of 19.8 H.P. that will give you a smooth 65 m.p.h. any time you ask. Beauty too, and the proverbial long life and dependability for which Dodge Brothers have always been famous! See this Six at your dealer's showrooms.

Dodge Brothers have also produced a new Eight-in-line. An Eight with a top-gear performance which has already taken the experts by storm. Choose your own hill—see your Dodge dealer and *prove* its reserves of power and ease of handling.

DODGE BROTHERS

SIX AND EIGHT

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Motor Notes and News

At the present time efforts are being made to prevent our countryside being spoilt by the erection of unsightly advertising devices, but few people appear to have turned their attention to the improvement of our



BEFORE THE GREAT DOUBLE TWELVE HOUR RACE AT BROOKLANDS Which proved such a triumph for British cars. No. 3 Bentley, which was placed second in the race after Captain Barnato's Bentley, is just seen in the foreground

towns. There is no denying that many factories are most hideously ugly, and that the repellent nature of their appearance must necessarily have its effect upon the unfortunates who live in the vicinity. Sometimes this is inevitable; sometimes it can be averted. A case in point may be found in the vast Birmingham works of Singer and Co., Ltd. The buildings themselves are by no means unpleasant to the eye, for they are of modern construction, and stand well back from the road. But the manufacturers have not left the matter at that, for they have laid out the front with delightfully fresh-looking lawns and ornamental trees, up to the point where it meets the pavement. The result is that the factory itself is dominated by a park-like frontage, providing a pleasant relief

from the drab appearance usually found in town areas. This is also improved, rather than spoiled, by the novel display of advertisements of the company's products in the background.

Of the many tributes paid to the efficiency of the famous Atco motor-mower, perhaps the most valued, and certainly one of the most convincing, is that it should be chosen by Mr. A. P. F. Chapman for use on his own lawns. That one so familiar with turf perfection should turn to the Atco for personal requirements must emphasize the all-round efficiency of the famous productions of Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham.

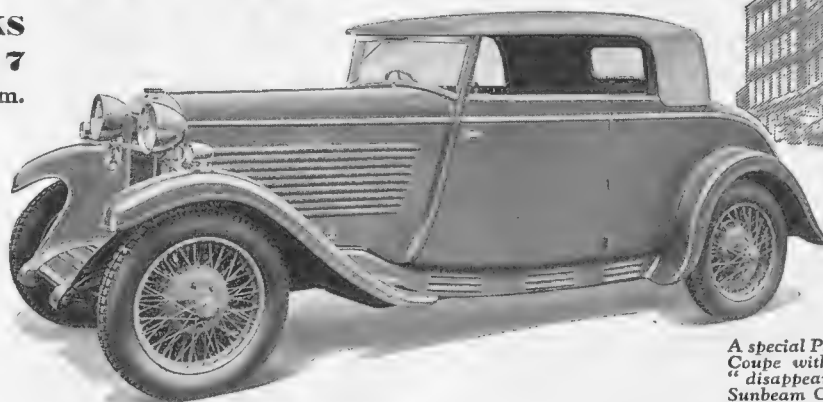
Crossley Motors, Ltd., have supplied, through the Crown Agents, a 20·9-h.p. 6-cylinder seven-seater touring car for official use at the Government House, Hong Kong.



ON "URRY'S PET," A TEST HILL NEAR HARLECH With a gradient of 1 in 2½, probably the steepest hill in the country with a firm surface. The car is one of the new Rover Meteors, and the photograph was taken during a recent strenuous testing, from which the car emerged with all honours

Annual SUNBEAM Show . . . the special once-a-year opportunity

FOR TWO WEEKS
MAY 26—JUNE 7
OPEN 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
(5 p.m. Saturdays)



A special Pass and Joyce "Foursome" Coupe with sliding roof and patent "disappearing" steps, on 16 h.p. Sunbeam Chassis.

The most varied display of Sunbeam Cars ever shown under one roof. The complete range of standard models—many cars with new, exclusive coachwork—and a large selection of used guaranteed models. This Sunbeam Show is one of the events of the motorists' year and such a magnificent exhibition is only made possible by the close collaboration of the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., and the

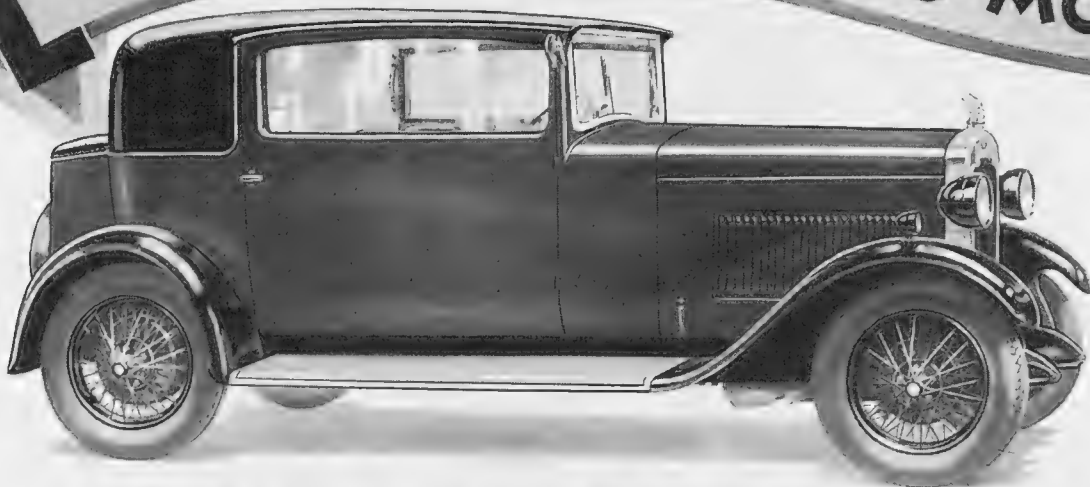
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YOU CAN AFFORD TO MOTOR



This is the 10/25 h.p.
SPORTSMAN'S
COUPÉ
£270

- IF YOU BUY A ROVER "TEN"

You need not tolerate cramped discomfort in a diminutive car in order to motor economically when you can get a 10/25 h.p. Rover. For this is a full-sized car in everything save running cost. It offers you—and your three passengers—luxurious travel at 1½d. a mile—less than a halfpenny per mile per person. And this cost includes *everything* (see details on right). Moreover, the Rover has *proved* its economical running under the stringent observation of the Royal Automobile Club. In an official test, a fully-laden 10/25 h.p. Rover saloon covered no fewer than 2,149 miles on an expenditure of £5.

As you will see if you will examine it, the Rover saloon really does give four passengers ample room. The body is a genuine Weymann, and the seating is upholstered in leather or carriage cloth, to choice, and there are several very attractive body colours available. Equipment is lavish and includes electric starting, lighting and horn, 8-day clock, speedometer, screen wiper, driving mirror, dash lamp and roof lamp, folding luggage grid (except on Sportsman's Coupé, which has a capacious trunk). Shock absorbers are fitted both at front and rear, the Rover being one of the steadiest cars to handle, even on the worst of roads. It is certainly the best value for money.

MODELS AND PRICES :

10/25 h.p. -	-	-	-	-	-	£255 to £270
LIGHT SIX	-	-	-	-	-	£325 to £365
TWO LITRE	-	-	-	-	-	£368 to £515
METEOR -	-	-	-	-	-	£380 to £537

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TWO YEARS'
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Write for Catalogue to :

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD.
METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY

WE have carefully compiled a reliable table showing the cost of running a 10/25 h.p. Rover over a distance of 10,000 miles, which is a very fair annual average for the majority of motorists. The fuel and oil consumptions mentioned have been proved by hundreds of owners to be well within the capabilities of the car.

RUNNING COST OVER 10,000 MILES.

Petrol at 34 m.p.g. = 294 galls. at 1/6½	£22 13 3
Oil at 1,000 m.p.g. = 10 galls. at 5/11	2 19 2
Annual Road Fund Tax	10 0 0
Insurance	12 5 0
Driving License	5 0
Garage at 5/- weekly for 52 weeks	13 0 0
Decarbonising engine (twice)	4 0 0
Grease and oil for back axle, etc.	15 0
Allow for Incidentals	10 0 0
Total, equals 1'8d. per mile			£75 17 5

The set of five tyres supplied with the car we generally find to last considerably more than 10,000 miles, but this, of course, depends greatly upon the nature of the roads and the manner in which the car is driven. As regards the cost for incidentals, this would cover the cost of washing the car occasionally and similar small expenses. No renewals of parts should be necessary under considerably more than 10,000 miles.

Bear in mind, if you are choosing between the Rover and a lower-priced car of nominally greater power, that month after month, year after year, you will be paying less in tax, in insurance, and in fuel for the Rover than for the other car; that in a surprisingly short time the difference in first cost will have been wiped out, and that, in the end, you will be in pocket through choosing the Rover Ten—the full-sized car that costs least to run. The attention of Heads of Firms using Cars for Travellers is specially drawn to the foregoing.



This is the 10/25 h.p. Rover Saloon, with seating upholstered in leather or carriage cloth and an attractive choice of body colour. Wire Wheels as illustrated, £5 extra

£255

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 426

Helen," it was just the putting which decided it. Four up at the turn and a 5 and 4 win for Miss Wilson. She seemed so set then, so placidly perfect, that it was doubly disappointing to see her pulling iron after iron against Miss Collett in the afternoon. She turned one down, out in 40 to Miss Collett's 39, was one up for the first time at the 14th, threw the 16th at Miss Collett, halved the 17th, and was only beaten by Miss Collett sinking a five-yard putt for the grandest of threes at the 18th. Many good critics thought this would be Miss Wilson's championship; we are left waiting for it, but it cannot long be delayed, for every year, whilst losing none of her steadiness, she seems to gain a trifle in inspiration and life. Lighter wooden clubs have given greater snap to her wooden play; if one dare say so, when the irons are lighter too, Miss Wilson will be as near unbeatable as anybody may be in these days of extraordinarily high standard. Miss Collett has come through a mighty morning struggle only on the last green against Miss Hilda Cameron, a Scottish double runner-up—it had been a strenuous day for her; Miss Fishwick spent her last day beating Miss Ferguson, the Irish seventh string, and Miss Kathleen Macdonald, who was not in the Scottish side this year, and so may bespecially congratulated on earning her first "open" medal. Possibly Miss Fishwick accordingly faced the final fresher than Miss Collett, but it ought not to be forgotten that Miss Fishwick, like all the best players of Great Britain, had been putting forth much strength and virtue in the International matches on the preceding Thursday and Friday. There are people who think that these matches—but that is another story, as Kipling says.

The only story that matters at the moment is that Miss Fishwick, after losing the first hole of the 36 to Miss Collett, turned one up, was five up at lunch time, six up at the 6th in the afternoon, five up at the 9th, which both had reached in 38, pulled back to three up at the 14th, 4 up and 3 at the 15th, five over fours for the afternoon match, Miss Collett three over fours. And that was that. And the Welsh Championship, now in full swing at Llandudno, must wait till next week.



At the L.G.U. Bowl Meeting at the Hallamshire Golf Course, Sandygate: A group taken after Miss G. Wood had presented the prizes

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 398

machine has exceptionally high aerodynamic efficiency which results in a long, flat glide, and the only question about it seems to be whether inexperienced pilots will constantly run into the hedges at the far side of the aerodrome through coming in too fast. The air-brakes are intended to kill this flat glide when necessary, but my experience with air-brakes in the old one-and-a-half strutters does not predispose me in their favour. There is the pilot who misjudges his landing and who slams on his engine to go round again with his air-brakes full on and the whole machine juddering. But it would be a pity to design machines expressly for pilots who usually do the wrong thing, and the Puss Moth is certainly the finest

private-owner's aeroplane that has yet been produced from the points of view of efficiency and comfort. Indeed it introduces an altogether new standard of comfort in aircraft which is likely to affect not only light aeroplanes but also large commercial machines. Its present price is £1,000.

Amy Johnson.

It seems that Miss Amy Johnson's chance of beating Hinkler's record flight to Australia in 15½ days has gone, but that must not be allowed to obscure the greatest of her achievements. She has made the fastest solo flight to Karachi, and she has proved herself a gallant and competent pilot. I am told that she

had had 100 hours' flying experience when she set off, and that her most ambitious cross-country flight had been to her home in Hull. She is a member of the London Club.

An important air pageant whose date it is worth noting is that which will be held at Ratcliffe, the aerodrome which is being constructed by Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, President of the Leicestershire Aero Club. All private owners and clubs throughout the country are being invited.

The banquet to Lord Wakefield, to which I had hoped to refer at length, was a great success. Lord Wakefield spoke better than I have ever previously heard him. The speeches were concluded by Mr. Handley Page, who achieved a masterly impromptu exchange with the Director of Civil Aviation.

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She will be pleased
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Travel by the Big Ships is a tranquil affair. It makes no bustling demands upon your time and energy. You are not compelled to gaiety. You are never uncomfortably conscious of being entertained. The days slip serenely by in an atmosphere of quiet enjoyment and discreet service. They pass like days spent among friends at a hospitable country house, whose pleasant harmony affords the subtlest luxury of all . . . the luxury of doing what you like.

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CABIN SHIPS FROM LIVERPOOL
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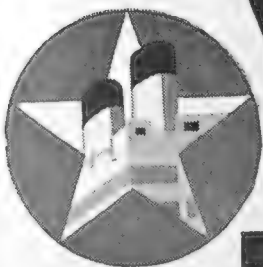
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Service Advertising

"VIGOROUS and FRESH."



MISS GLADYS FRAZIN

the distinguished stage and film star, now appearing in Edgar Wallace's play, "On the Spot," at Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

"I doubly appreciate the efficiency of Phosferine, for as a stage and film actress my work is nerve-straining and artificial, and this wonder tonic is the best preventive of nervous exhaustion, and keeps up vitality. During the last few weeks I have been working exceptionally hard—rehearsing for Mr. Edgar Wallace's new play 'On the Spot,' and at the same time making a new talking picture at Elstree. Few realise how tired and miserable one gets waiting about in a draughty film studio, suffering all sorts of discomforts and inconveniences. The worrying anxiety and long hours, together with the travelling to and fro, wear out the strongest constitution, and I soon became thoroughly run down, limp, and very susceptible to slight colds. I thought this is where Phosferine helps, and it did indeed—almost magically, for every trace of nerviness and lassitude vanished. I felt delightfully nerve-rested and vigorous, and fresh looking, ready for any amount of work again, as every dose strengthens. Every woman will understand the pleasure it is to realise that Phosferine evidently promotes a perfect complexion."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.
Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—it *Tones* as it *Cleanses*!

PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for an old widower who is over seventy and in great need. He has had a varied life having been a sailor and then a tea traveller, working for over thirty years in India and South Africa. He is quite a character, and writes a good letter in which he often tells us that he has a talent for poetry. Poor old man, he has done his best to get work and would take anything offered him, but younger men are looking for a job and too often he gets pushed aside. His income is 10s. old-age pension and 3s. earned as a handyman, but the cost of living is high, and very often he is hungry and in want of his "baccy"; £13 would give him a weekly allowance of 5s., so ensuring him a square meal daily and a few little comforts. Do let him have it.

At the fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held at the Mansion House, the Earl of Malmesbury, Chairman of the Fund, presided over a large and enthusiastic gathering of supporters. It was announced that in spite of industrial depression the income of the fund for the past year amounted to £82,616, which had mainly been received through

the regular weekly collections in the business houses and factories of the Metropolis. Over 80,000 subscribers and their dependants had been assisted in obtaining hospital and dental treatment, admission to sanatoria and convalescent homes, in the provision of surgical appliances, including spectacles, and removal to or from hospital by motor ambulance. An interesting address was given by Mr. Herbert S. Syrett, C.B.E., LL.B., C.C., on the "Voluntary Hospitals and the State."

A delightful rendezvous is Toby's Club, which occupies the premises of the old Florida Club, which have been most artistically re-decorated. Amongst others, the committee consists of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lady Powerscourt, Viscount Feilding, C.M.G., the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes Lyon, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Murrrough Wilson, K.B.E. One finds many well-known people calling in for meals, and already some wonderful turns have been seen in the evening. The "Crazy Inventor," Gordon Freeman, has proved himself to be most amusing, and d'Alba, the Australian Television Girl, does the most marvellous feats in thought-reading.



WAITING FOR THEIR PONIES

Angela and Beatrice Wharrey and "Nettle" waiting for the arrival of their steeds in the Row last week



BARON ROTHSCHILD

A snapshot in the Row last week. Baron Rothschild believes in the truth of the saying that the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse

CLUB "COLOURS"



Uncreasable Weave.

We hold, probably, the largest range of University, School, Club, and Regimental Colours in stock.

SILK TIES

Our special Pure Dye Reppe Weave, 5/6 each.

Our Uncreasable Weave, Price 7/6 each.

NOTE.—We have now produced Royal Artillery Ties in our Uncreasable Weave Silk, Price 7/6 each.

Squares, Scarves, Sweaters, Hand-Embroidered Badges, Tobacco Pouches, etc.

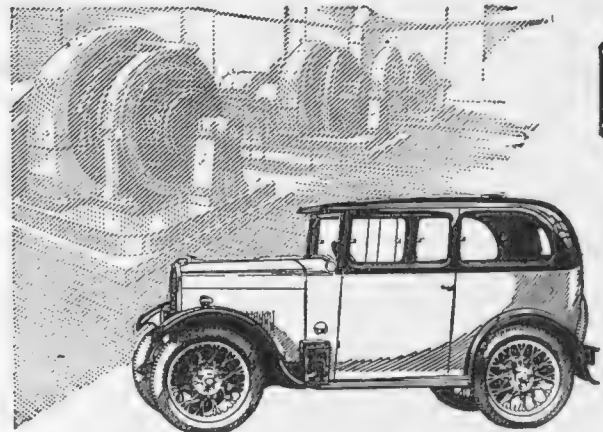
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Established 1898



Smooth running

Smooth, turbine-like running, vibrationless and silent, powerful beyond expectation; brakes, velvety smooth, Lockheed hydraulic, perfectly compensated, positive—ensure safety at all speeds. Such is the Triumph Super Seven.

See this small car, try it, compare its performance and comfort. It is the finest small car in the world. Models from £162 10s., or £45 9s. 6d. down. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard. Write for the catalogue to-day.

TRIUMPH
Super Seven
The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 (1st Floor).

Well.....
it is making
people "paint-minded"

so to speak



CombinoL

It's surprising the way people take notice of paint work once they've had a job done with Gloss Combinol themselves. They begin to compare. It sets up what you might call a standard. You might take it for enamel the way it gleams. Smooth as a tile. And only the man who does the job knows how easy it is to apply. As for wearing, the makers have got a name for paints that last. For inside or outside I'd choose it for its durability alone, apart from its beauty.

Send a post card now for free tint card of Combinol's beautiful colours. If you wish we will send you the name of your nearest decorator who regularly uses Combinol; he will gladly tell you about its exceptional features and also about a beautiful Flat Combinol if you prefer this kind of finish.

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LIVERPOOL.



Honesty of purpose
is in itself a merit —
seven years research
to perfect economical
transport has evolved
the Riley "9"



"the car that's set all
the World talking" & will

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Some of those who with the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond are working on the committee which is organizing the dinner to be held at the Mansion House on June 12, in aid of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital. Mrs. Henry Mond held the meeting at Mulberry House, Smith Square, last week. Mrs. Eben Pike is better known to her public as "Olive Snell," the famous artist

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Here are some of the "Wolsey" girls who are appearing at the Trocadero in Mr. C. B. Cochran's Prosperity Party



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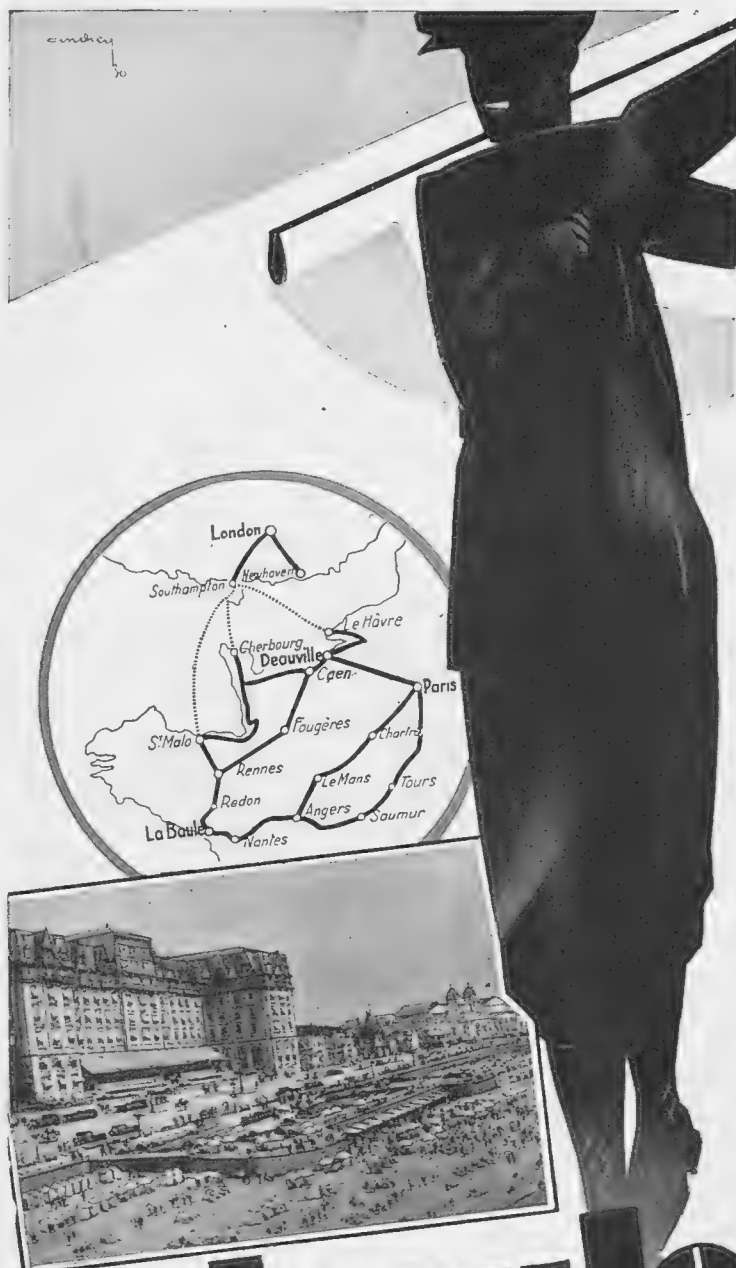
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Round and About Notes.

In *Loose Ends*, which was given a world's première run at the Regal, commencing on Saturday last, Owen Nares is seen in his first long talking film. *Loose Ends* is the brilliant dialogue version of the remarkable stage play of the same name by Dion Titheradge, which ran at Wyndham's Theatre recently. It is one of the most interesting productions which have ever emanated from the British International Studios at Elstree. Owen Nares plays the part created on the stage by Dion Titheradge—that of the down and out and embittered man who is rescued from the depths by an ultra-modern young actress, only to find his new-found faith in humanity shattered. The rôle of Malcolm Forbes affords an excellent opportunity for a characterization of rare dramatic intensity, an opportunity of which Owen Nares avails himself to the utmost. Although this is Mr. Nares' first feature talkie, he made his talkie debut some year ago when he acted in some shorts which were produced by Miles Mander, with whom he is associated in *Loose Ends*. Edna Best, who is also seen with Owen Nares in *Loose Ends*, first acted in the talkies with the incomparable actor, Seymour Hicks.

The Oxford and Kingston steamers began their daily excursions on May 19. The steamers call twice daily, both up and down stream, at all places between Oxford and Kingston. In this most pleasant of ways visits can be made to many attractive and historic places, such as Hampton Court, Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Pangbourne, Goring, Oxford, etc. Circular tickets by rail and steamer are issued at many of the important G.W.R., Southern, L.N.E.R., and L.M.S. stations.

Under a Texas Moon, the outdoor all-colour Western romance at the Alhambra is proving one of the most delightful

entertainments in the West End. In Frank Fay it has introduced a new star to the picture-going public. As the fast-riding two-gun man he gives a joyous interpretation. The ingratiating self-confidence and whimsicality of the roving caballero are indicated with a robust abandon which are a joy to behold. The story itself is a clever satirical gesture on the Wild West romances that are so popular among Hollywood picture-makers. It is a musical picture but the songs are sung, not by the hero, but by two ludicrous guitar-strumming attendants who supply a musical accompaniment to the hero's amorous adventures. Frank Fay is supported by no less than five leading ladies. They are Raquel Torres, Myrna Loy, Armida, Mona Maris, and Betty Boyd, all of whom attract the roving fancies of the gallivanting two-gun lover. Noah Beery forsakes the villain's rôle and becomes a comedy figure of a ranch foreman.



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The play selected to follow *Honours Easy* at the St. Martin's Theatre will be Mr. Neil Grant's three-act comedy, *Petticoat Influence*, that Alec. L. Rea, in association with the Dee Cee Company, will present during the first week of June. The cast will include Sir Nigel Playfair, Mr. Morton Selten, Mr. Frank Allenby, Mr. Robert Holmes, Miss Jane Millican, and Miss Diana Wynyard, who will play the rôle that she created when the Repertory Players produced it one Sunday evening early in March. The comedy is being produced by Mr. John Hastings Turner, and the scenery will be designed by Mr. Laurence Irving.

An exhibition of paintings by the well-known artist, Mr. C. Rebel Stanton, is now being held at the Studio, 295, Euston Road, N.W.1. Mr. Stanton has contributed many charming pictures to THE TATLER from time to time, and admirers of his work will now have an opportunity of acquiring some of his original drawings.

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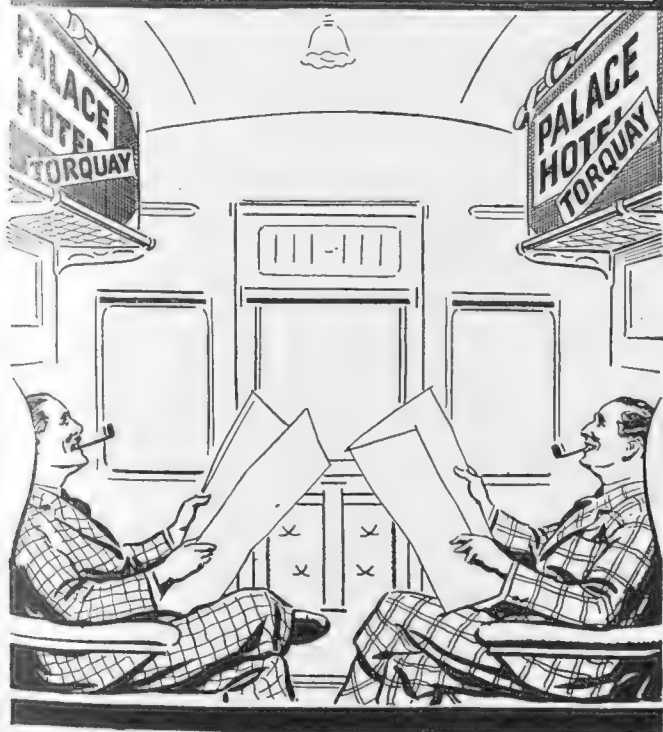
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“Yes! I like the true whisky flavour.”

“I read that somewhere”

“So you read advertisements too?”

“I read?”

“Yes, that’s why you bought your Norris and your Uphill—and that pipe—and like this whisky—and have all the best things in your house. You instinctively know an advertised product **must** be good; something the manufacturer himself is proud of.”

“Um . . .”

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The best of all games all year round. The Colbit Ideal Hard Tennis Court needs no attention and can be constructed in either red or green as desired. It has an ideally resilient surface free from loose grit, and quite dustless. The Colbit Court is playable within a few minutes after the heaviest rain.

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"Drabness and dulness! Crude colourings! Oh, South Kensington! Oh, Pinchin, Johnson Super-Finishes! They would decorate you richly with æsthetic perfection I can imagine a soft, velvety finish with a delicate sheen on it of surpassing loveliness. Oh, please use Pinchin, Johnson Super-Finishes ere it is too late."

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Duggie explains—

"On Telephones"

Sir Edward: "A discussion arose at the Club the other day with regard to the use of the telephone in connection with betting."

Duggie: "A very interesting topic, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward: "Remarkably so, as nearly everyone present, at some time or other, had had some unsatisfactory experience of it."

Duggie: "I am not surprised, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward: "But I have never heard a complaint from any of my friends who 'phone you their business on my recommendation."

Duggie: "It's due, Sir Edward, to my great anxiety to safeguard my clients."

Sir Edward: "I hardly follow. Are you entirely immune from telephone mistakes?"

Duggie: "I do not for a moment claim to be infallible, Sir Edward, but I realised long ago the possibility of 'phone misunderstandings, and I evolved a system making such occurrences almost impossible."

Sir Edward: "Really! Tell me about it."

Duggie: "Certainly, Sir Edward. It is quite simple. Each of my lines is duplicated, and employs two operators working quite independently; in fact, they cannot see or speak to each other. One operator speaks to the client, the other listens to the conversation. Both record the instructions given."

Sir Edward: "So that if I 'phone a commission, it is taken down by two independent people, only one of whom speaks to me?"

Duggie: "Correct, Sir Edward. The telephone slips are subsequently collected and compared, so that any discrepancy would immediately be observed."

Sir Edward: "A truly wonderful system, Stuart. And what about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Same as starting prices, Sir Edward—No Limit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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